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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To show oneself in high feather before the flight is done is the usual way of the weak and vain. They only truly win who win last. So there is no need to brag of our prowess. Still it has really been a splendid week for Unionists. The whole Unionist poll is about equal to the whole Liberal and Labour poll. The net gain of seats is already about eighty. The Liberals were to sweep the counties—but, to judge by the results so far, they want a new besom for that. Old-age pensions have helped them little enough, neither the truth that Liberals gave them, nor the lie that Unionists would take them away; whilst the back-to-the-land fairy tale of Liberalism seems to appeal to the English villager about as much as it appeals to Lord Lansdowne. And the country working man looks like returning to his natural ally and neighbour, the landowner and the farmer.

In the boroughs the West Riding of Yorkshire and the Manchester group have been our black country. For the time we seem to have lost the Yorkshire manufacturing towns entire. At this moment work is not slack in these towns, so Tariff Reform could make no compelling appeal. And this seems to be the one spot in the whole country where people were really excited about the Lords, having never or seldom seen or heard one. The Tyke takes his politics in deadly earnest and swallowed the peer bogey whole. These people, who are accounted so intelligent and sturdy, took for gospel the pictures of lords as so many Fi Fo Fums going about seeking to devour them and their children. We shall have to ask the peers to organise a series of trips (northerners are great on trips) to their various places, and the West Riding will be cured of its scare and come over.

The case of Manchester is different. Manchestrans are conservative by nature (better Cavaliers than they

there never were), and Free Trade had become the settled order long enough for sheer conservatism to cling to it. It is no easy job to get a Manchestrans off a thing he has once stuck to. The effect of the first jar is always to make him tighten his hold on the rock. Thus we lost Manchester in 1906. The second assault may loosen him, but it will not get him off. We have loosened him a little this time. One day we shall get Manchester off Free Trade, and once it has stuck to Tariff Reform it will be the Radicals' turn to hammer and hammer, ours to look on grinning.

No one expected we should move Manchester much; but Mr. Joynton-Hicks ought not to have lost his seat and need not. If we cannot go forward, at any rate we must not slip back. In Salford, strangely enough, we did best where chances looked worst. It seemed difficult for any Unionist not to turn out Mr. Byles; yet Mr. Malcolm was rather badly beaten; over-confidence, surely. And Mr. Bellairs, to our very great regret and the public loss, could reap no advantage at all from a three-cornered contest. Only Mr. Barlow in the South made any way. This is the poorest division in the whole district, and to reduce Mr. Belloc's majority from eight to three hundred odd was good work. Mr. Belloc's constituents will see a little more of their member, we imagine, after this election than they have done hitherto, or see nothing more of him at all, which is perhaps more likely.

The North Riding of Yorkshire is better than the West. Whitby and Thirsk and Malton stood firm even against the avalanche of 1906. To-day they are firmer still. Mr. Gervase Beckett has increased his majority more than sevenfold. He has made his home at Nawton, and his constituents feel that their member is their neighbour and friend. Lord Helmsley, too, has added greatly to his majority, which was not small before. These are the sort of men, racy of the soil, for a Yorkshire agricultural constituency.

A General Election is usually more interesting through those who are thrown out than through those who are brought in; and it is so now. It is hard in these days to enjoy the defeat of a Liberal Cabinet Minister, for he has retreated to mountains and wilds where there is no dislodging him. Those

were good old days when we could unseat Sir William Harcourt at Derby or Mr. Gladstone at Oxford. To-day in the South or Midlands we have to be content with throwing the lesser champions. Thus Mr. Causton, the Paymaster-General, has been removed from Southwark; and Sir Henry Norman, the Assistant Postmaster-General, from Wolverhampton. Sir Henry organised the campaign for the Budget so well that the electors resolved they had no further use for him. Then Mr. Seely has been rejected of Liverpool and Mr. Pease of Saffron Walden.

It seems as if "the lion and the lion's whelp" could not be in the same den together. Mr. T. G. Bowles went out and Mr. G. S. Bowles came in: now G. S. goes out and T. G. comes in. We hope, however, that G. S. may return ere long. He made his mark in the last Parliament, and the Central Office ought to remember him. As to T. G., one feels that it is right that he, too, should be back. He has a scent, a real flair, for politics. He has brain and wit, and we never can be sure which side he will use them against. Besides, there is some virtue in a man who can assimilate a Blue Book before breakfast. We hope no Mr. Macdona will arise in the next Parliament to rob him of his corner seat.

One notes, too, the vanishing of Mr. Berridge from Leamington. Mr. Lyttelton has a dead safe seat in S. George's, and Mr. Berridge, once his proud conqueror, has no seat at all. It is the same with Mr. Hughes and Mr. Dumphreys. Captain Hemphill, quite a drawcansir figure at the start, was overwhelmed at Fulham. Mr. Horniman fared hardly better in Chelsea. When the figures were announced, his heroes of the Eleusis Club, atrabilious figures on a balcony, were chaffed by the "rascal rabble" underneath. We cannot quite understand, however, wherein lies the sport of baiting the fallen foe.

At Preston, by a curious irony in things, Sir John Gorst was saved from being at the bottom of the poll by Mr. Harold Cox. Mr. Cox was a very interesting and picturesque figure in the House. He was theory incarnate. He was an abstract idea in a place where concrete fact reigns. It has been said by cynics that though many will die for religion, none will live for it. Mr. Cox not only lived for principles, he died for them. Lord Rosebery at least will go into mourning for "My dear Harold Cox".

It was nothing abstract that threw out Mr. Dumphreys at Bermondsey or Sir George Doughty at Grimsby. Many others Sir George Doughty has saved in his time, he could not save himself. It is an odd freak of fortune that the two most successful platform speakers in the country should lose their seats. However, there is some compensation about it from a party point of view: they will have all the more time to devote to platform speeches. Mr. Crooks was thrown out at Woolwich; a great round of cheers went up in the halls of the Carlton and Junior Carlton when this news came.

Hoxton was won for the Government by unparalleled blackguardism. One does not expect elections in slum districts to be fought with gloves on. It would be silly to be fastidious about a little strong language or rough play. But this is very different from undermining an opponent by spreading stories and poisoning the people's mind against him. Dr. Addison is a member of a great and learned profession, but he was not ashamed to allow his minions to adopt electioneering methods to which gentlemen do not stoop. Mr. Hay lost, and we had rather he or any other Unionist candidate lost a hundred times than win by Dr. Addison's methods. Mr. Hay has done his party splendid service and been a friend to Hoxton people in a thousand ways wholly non-political. They will soon find the difference and rue their bad bargain.

On the day of the poll at East Marylebone an earnest supporter of Mr. Jebb met a friend taking two

terriers for a walk in the park. He asked the names of the dogs, and was told "I call the large one Boyton, and he is allowed in the house—the other is Jebb, he has to sleep outside". Mr. Jebb's supporter turned away with an exclamation of impatience; and, after all, Mr. Jebb's candidature is hardly a thing to joke about. Thanks to it the House of Commons is without Lord Robert Cecil, and being without him how much poorer in character and intellect must the Unionist benches be! We talk about party politics being highly organised to-day. Are they truly so? In the days of Pitt and Fox there was no party organisation, yet a candidate like Lord Robert Cecil would have been sure of a seat in the Commons. To-day it seems almost impossible to spirit or smuggle in a man of his type. No genius need apply.

We did Mr. Churchill injustice grouping him with those Liberal leaders who have not worked up the false story about the Conservatives and pensions. It seems he was, after all, busy on it once or twice last week. Mr. Churchill so soon inures himself to a thing of the kind! This or a full-blooded personality sets him at his perfect ease. As with Buckingham—

"Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil."

The stress must be severe to make Mr. Asquith shifty. Yet we find the Liberal Whip explaining away his chief's Albert Hall statement as to Home Rule and Mr. Asquith accepting the explanation. At the Albert Hall Mr. Asquith, in Mr. Redmond's view, had gone one better than Gladstone. It was urgent then to get the Irish vote in the boroughs. But in the counties the Irish are negligible; the Home-Rule-shy elector was the thing to consider. So it appears that the pledge which bought the Irish vote in the boroughs was no pledge at all the moment that vote had been got. The Government are not committed to Home Rule at all; oh no! If Parnell were alive Mr. Asquith would have to give account for this very straitly. Even Mr. Redmond can hardly let him off. It is making fools of the whole Nationalist party.

But there was nothing doubtful or diplomatic about Mr. Asquith's mood in East Fife on Wednesday. To one heckler he gave a plain "No" to the question "Will you support the Right to Work Bill?". A second "No" to "Mr. Churchill has declared for nationalisation of the railways—will you?". A third "No" to "Will you agree to the Irish party's demand for separation?". No doubt "separation" can be distinguished from Home Rule, but there is a good ring about this series of uncompromising noes. Mr. Asquith seems to have been taking what Mr. Birrell prescribes for the Home County voters—"a good tonic with plenty of quinine".

An amusing feature of the fight has been the vanishing from the scene of Hampden and Pym. They were thrust aside when the business really began; and with them went the Petition of Rights, the Grand Remonstrance and Magna Carta. We felt sure that all the historic analogies and argument were humbug, and the speeches of the Liberals during the last ten days and all their newspapers prove it. Mr. Asquith's brow may, like Eliot's, be "broad with noble thoughts", but his electioneers and mob men have gone in on a very different card. Slanders about black bread and cat's-meat and the bloated rich and the aged poor have been their battle-cries. So passes for ever the fiction that the Liberals in this fight were the champions of a high and mighty constitutional cause.

The Conservative party has been really well served this time by its cartoonists or picture-poster artists. Two Tariff Reform pictures have struck straight home. One presents a workman (comfortably clothed) declaring "It's work I want", the other a mother and father

and their bairns starving under Free Trade. The Conservative Association should have had these pictures printed in a far larger size—size tells tremendously in a good poster. Both pictures are very good from the political standpoint. But we would earnestly warn enthusiasts not to confound true art with politics. That is a terrible mistake. Art has no party colour; and we have not seen, and are never likely to see, any party poster which can pass for true art among those who understand these things. They are of different worlds.

It is the same in literature. Witness the appalling result of the man of letters—that rare and curious creature—plunging as man of letters into party politics. Out of it comes either a kind of ghastly realism, or something wholly ridiculous inviting a guffaw. Mr. Maurice Hewlett, for example, moves not uneasily in the world of letters. But glance at his series of articles on the election in the "Daily Chronicle". It would be all right if he came out as a candidate or speaker in the usual way. There is no reason in the world why he should not do this. But he tries to use his literary gift as a weapon in party politics. One had rather have another "Jameson's Raid" than that.

No; world politics are the only politics fit for pure literature or pure art, where vague and lofty ideas can be treated. Coleridge could write a sonnet on the French Revolution and Wordsworth one on Palafox, but neither could with his art have tackled Tariff Reform or the great majority by which Sir Henry Kimber won Wandsworth.

Human nature will out at elections. If, for instance, a candidate stays at an hotel, and yet hires from an outside hotel the posting he requires, and also purchases elsewhere the petrol for his motor car, though the hotel has ample posting accommodation and petrol, we may expect the landlord to have something uncomplimentary, and even perhaps imprudent considering the Corrupt Practices Act, to say about it. The landlord of the Mason's Arms, South Lincolnshire, did say something concerning Mr. Timothy Davies, the Liberal candidate, and posting and petrol. Mr. Davies declares that the landlord said he, Mr. Davies, could not pay his bill, and he asked for an injunction to prevent him saying it. The landlord denies this, but admits he was sore as to the posting and petrol, and spoke rather freely, especially as he was not of Mr. Davies' politics. Mr. Davies did not get the injunction; but the great petrol and posting question will be heard of later, as there is an action about it.

Radicals who talk of the improvement in trade in 1909 over 1908—admittedly a bad year—must find the record of employment and wages, as given in the Board of Trade "Labour Gazette", instructive—if they can be instructed. A few thousand men enjoyed increased wages amounting to £697 per week during 1909, but over one million one hundred thousand had to face decreased wages aggregating £69,212 per week. Are these figures altogether to be dissociated from the story told by the Board of Trade Returns themselves? Great Britain exported a third of a million more manufactures in the year, but she imported four and a half million more. How can wages and employment increase when every improvement in manufactured exports is counterbalanced a dozen times over by imports?

Mr. Crooks, having taken a trip to Australia and talked with the quaint minority in Australia which believes in Free Trade at any cost, knows all about colonial opinion. So he tells us that all Australia repudiates preference. At any rate, Sir Robert Best, the Commonwealth Minister of Trade, repudiates him. Australia last year relieved the British merchant of £828,000 in duty. And that is only a beginning. The amount would certainly be trebled in Australia alone, if we offered some return. Surely Mr. Crooks would have

been much better occupied at home here looking after the seat which he has lost.

Germans, the Pan-German section of them especially, do not pardon their Government if it fails to back up their countrymen's claims to commercial advantages in foreign countries. The so-called Mannesmann mining concessions in Morocco is a case very much in point at present. They have given Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg his first taste of real trouble; and he has to endure the accusation that he has surrendered the rights of German citizens which his predecessor, Prince von Bülow, strenuously asserted and maintained.

The Mannesmanns obtained from Mulai Hafid certain concessions of mining rights in Morocco on terms which were not submitted previously to the Powers, England, Germany, France, Spain, parties to the Algeçiras Act. For this reason they are all agreed that the concession cannot be upheld, and it is now announced that the claims are to be submitted to arbitrators appointed by the Swiss Federal Tribunal. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is censured for consenting to regard as contingent claims which Prince Bülow maintained for several years prior to his resignation to be absolute. They are not appeased by the Chancellor showing, as is the fact, that Germany could only do as she has done if she were to act in good faith and be loyal to the other parties to the Act of Algeçiras.

Those unhappy Turkish Deputies! They are not allowed to have a parliamentary soul of their own; they have been kicked about by the military toe and made to do everything but what they want. Now they have not even a house to retreat to from the jeers of the populace, as the Chiragan Palace, in which they met, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday. It was a fine palace, one of the finest in Turkey, and the Constantinople people thought it much too fine for the people who met in it. They laughed at the Deputies hurrying out to save their lives. The fire means something to them. Some take it as a sign of the new Premier's usual bad luck; others, as a sign of Heaven's displeasure with the new order. Both sentiments appear irrelevant or exaggerated in London; but things are different in Constantinople, and this fire may damage the Committee and its ridiculous Parliament more than more serious things, as we should say.

Of all possible developments of sedition in India the worst are the assassination of European officials and the attempts to tamper with the fidelity of the native troops. Both have accompanied the first assembly of the Councils which are to mark the new era of peace and loyalty. It is impossible to regard them otherwise than as the counter-demonstration of the Extremists against the "Reforms". That these manifestations should follow closely on the repudiation, by those who pose as representatives of the "educated class", of the new Regulations governing the constitution of the Councils may be nothing more than coincidence. The Deccan conspiracy is the work of Mahratta Brahmans, the most dangerous sect in the whole of India. To it belonged Nana Sahib.

The steps taken to meet this new peril are not enough. They consist in extending to the Western Presidency the measures for repressing seditious meetings, for regulating the native Press, and for summary trial of political murders. It is futile to attempt the repression of such crime by legislative or judicial process, which is merely punitive in its methods. Prevention is required rather than punishment. The heads of the conspiracy are well known, and the Government should put in force against them the executive powers so effectively used in Bengal. They can do so with less hesitation now that the country has dismissed from Parliament nearly all the members of the mischievous clique who, intentionally or otherwise, encouraged the party of disaffection and disturbance in India.

The Single Chamber men in Canada have, quite unintentionally, of course, assisted to spike the guns of their friends in England. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the Canadian Parliament on Tuesday, disposed easily of the idea that Canada or any country has reached a state of development where its interests can be trusted to a popular Chamber unchecked. The Canadian House of Commons endorsed his view by 111 to 23. Once again, therefore, the extreme Radical in England proves to be out of touch with the sentiments of colonial democracy. Sir Wilfrid Laurier says he has never heard it suggested even by the most Radical of Radicals that the House of Lords should be abolished. Evidently he is a less diligent student of Radical utterances in England than he is generally supposed to be. Some of his Radical friends will no doubt return the compliment by ignoring his little lecture on the necessity of an effective Second Chamber.

Part of the arrears in our Law Courts ought to be ascribed to the General Election and not to the law's ordinary delay when the next judicial statistics are made up. It is one of the few remaining privileges of the Bar that it can go electioneering and be excused for absence when the case comes on. Solicitors might be sued for neglecting their duty; but the judges found an excuse for the Bar centuries ago. They thought of the "Unlearned Parliament" in which there were no lawyers, and they decided that it was for the benefit of the country that lawyers should be enabled to offer themselves as candidates. They probably thought this was not true in the case of solicitors, who have had to do their electioneering rather frowned than smiled upon by the judges.

Electioneering again accounts for the chairman of the annual meeting of the Bar being Sir Edward Clarke, and not either the Attorney- or Solicitor-General. We wonder whether it is because Sir Edward is out of politics that he was so sure that in the next Parliament, no matter which party was in power, there will be a Bill agreed on to make two additional judges, as recommended by the Committee? Neither the Attorney nor Solicitor-General would have been so confident about it. The Bar has nothing to thank Liberals for. The County Courts Bill shows this, and two other instances taken from the Small Holdings and the Town Planning Acts. A lady in Wales was having some land taken from her. She asked to be represented by counsel, and this was refused. But the arbitrator was assisted by an official of the Board of Agriculture, who is a barrister; and the solicitor who was against the lady opened his case in a speech of an hour and ten minutes. The same sort of thing may happen in the Town Planning Act, as exactly the same provision is made in it. Though Lord Alverstone got the clause struck out in the House of Lords, it is in the Act.

Mr. Austin Dobson's acknowledgment of his friends' gifts on his seventieth birthday should be in the ironic pathetically humorous verse which he has written so delightfully. We imagine that most of us would be able to bring the mingled smile and tear into our own eyes with "Thoughts on my Seventieth Birthday", and we know that the writer of "A Gentleman of the Old School" and "A Lady of the Old School" has the art of making others smile with moist eyes when he recalls the past. Mr. Dobson has used rose bowls, and salvers, and eighteenth-century candlesticks to stir the sentiment of far-away things; their appropriateness as a gift is that they are the accessories of so much of his poetical verse. And the sentiment he puts into them is not wholly supplied by himself. The eighteenth century was not only strong and coarse and splendid. Its most characteristic man, of whom Mr. Dobson has written best, created Sophia Western. Let us note too that Fielding lived by his Bow Street magistracy, not his writings, and that Mr. Dobson's delicate and not popular art needed the Board of Trade as its patron.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE day after the immortal combat in which Bill Neate "kicked the beam in the scale of the dustman's vanity", Joe P— (no doubt "with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguish a lover of the 'fancy'") rushed in on its historian and demanded if the fight were not "a complete thing". Nor did the sage demur. He could scarcely have said so much for the fight political of 1910. It is true that its "day after" is not yet. Still the din and hubbub rejoice the idiot, and oppress the thoughtful, Briton. Completeness and finality pertain only to the ridicule which their own hands have heaped on the prophets of both parties. You walk the streets; two posters are contiguous. "Liberals smitten hip and thigh" goes one legend; "Tories abandon hope" says the other. Perhaps neither announcement strikes the philosopher as final. But when the pother is really over we doubt whether the judgment of either side will acclaim it "a complete thing", in Hazlitt's sense. The rural voter seems to be stampeding Unionist. But so far that cause has not "swept the country" as certain optimists, not very wisely and, as we think, superfluously, demanded. On the other side disappointment, not unreasonably, waxes tragical. Even by Tuesday, when Unionist successes shone fewer and less brightly, "as in 1906" had passed from the list of Radical predictions. Sir Robert Hudson, the late famed Mr. Schnadhorst's heir, is said (before the first pollings) to have foretold "with confidence a very pleasant surprise for the Government". There is no arguing about tastes in surprises or in anything else, but Sir Robert has probably desisted from prophecy by now. By Wednesday the Radical editors, contrasting Unionist and Liberal returns, had begun to include Socialists and Irish as "Liberals". On Thursday, in clubs and places where they talk, Liberals of gentle origin and manners hitherto urbane, became terribly uncivil. As we say, they "had reason".

Disappointment and losses individually regrettable have, of course, befallen the Opposition. We have won fewer seats than we ought to have won in London. Mr. Hoare has regained Chelsea, Mr. H. L. W. Lawson has done well in Mile End. Mr. Causton is removed from West Southwark. Bow and Bromley—to name no others—is Unionist once more. Haggerston and Bermondsey illustrate an uncommon sequel of bye-elections; as—further afield—does Newcastle, for a reason which we shall glance at later, and already, we may be pretty sure, repented by the section of electorate responsible. It strikes us that, if several reverend dissenting gentlemen in the East End and elsewhere—but most notably perhaps at Wolverhampton—should find themselves some day in the dock on charge of criminal slander, they would learn and would impart to others a very salutary lesson. Skulking falsehood which buries itself underground is, of its nature, not easily brought to book. Yet such a thing may be. As against individual Unionist losses—none of which we regret more than Mr. Pike Pease and Mr. Amery—we can set the unlamented fall of Sir Henry Norman, who goes to Valhalla along with Mr. Seely, the Colonial Under-Secretary, and Mr. Pease, the chief Liberal Whip. Without Mr. Seely the House will probably hear a good deal less about conscience without being less conscientious. South Nottingham has preferred Lord Henry Bentinck to a Labour candidate; and his majority of 3,427 has shown what the electors of the Ealing division of Middlesex think of certain Radical assaults on Mr. Neild.

Majora canamus; no individual election is so significant as the general character of these results. Even where we do not win, large majorities have been pulled down all over the country. The aggregate vote tells heavily against the Government. Are they not the professed guardians of the People? Well, 3,300 votes, as the "Times" points out, have sufficed to give the Radicals eleven seats; and the fact should give pause to the old-fashioned Liberal, if he still hangs on *à la bas*, and to any mugwumpish person vaguely friendly to Democracy. The cry of Peers v. People has simply not

come off, as we never supposed it would. An appeal to the country discovers the elector sensibly grateful to a Second Chamber which has preserved for him the last word.

There is a note of manly pathos in the "Westminster's" confession that "the representatives of the peerage have done pretty well at the polls". On the positive side of things, again, the aggregate vote shows the tide steadily moving for Tariff Reform. The day when that cause shall definitively sweep the board may be distant from us—by a year's inside. But when we consider these numbers, and remember that for many poor people the illusion of the Budget rainbow has not had time to dissolve, their moral is unmistakable. Because Manchester and part of the North support the Government excellent human ostriches do contend that "the great industrial centres" are for Free Trade. They seem to leave out the Midlands, but perhaps "Birmingham" (as they prefer to say) must be excepted, being notoriously mesmerised by a statesman whom Radicals now represent as a Mrs. Eddy, an impotent and cloistered figure-head, now as the stronger for an illness—no doubt a pretence—which spares him the boredom of electioneering and leaves his wizard mind the more malefically clear.

It will not do! Unionists may not win back the hundred and fifty seats some of them would like; but they will win enough to break the Government. Mr. Asquith's declension has long been matter of sincere, unpriggish regret with moderate men of every shade of view. But the performance of the last few days renders it more than ever pitiable. And what does it profit him? The stern electors of East Fife—where they understand a form of heckling rather intellectual than buffoonish—have dragged it out of him about Home Rule. "I promise no legislation of any kind in the next Parliament until we have settled our conclusions with the House of Lords, but I have stated that in my opinion the Liberal party would be perfectly free in the next Parliament, as it was not in the last, to support a measure for giving full self-government to Ireland, subject to the supremacy—absolutely unimpaired—of the Imperial Parliament."

We doubt if Mr. Asquith's "absolutely unimpaired" will reassure supporters of the Government opposed to Home Rule, and the rest can scarcely please the Irish leader. It would not have done for Mr. Parnell; and Mr. Redmond, as we know, regarded the utterance of Mr. Asquith in the Albert Hall as better than anything Mr. Gladstone had promised or intended. Meanwhile the Chief Whip has distinctly gone one better. "The Liberals are free if they so desire to extend self-government to Ireland", said Mr. Pease, not foreseeing the stampede in the counties and his own demise. His remarks were not good enough for a Mr. Balls, who would have preferred a plain yes or no, but it seems plain enough for the Irish. If Ireland has any political preference besides Home Rule it is for Tariff Reform. The Budget means for Ireland £2,000,000 extra taxation. Taxed whisky, taxed tobacco, along with the land taxes the Irish have accepted on that substantial measure of Home Rule which their league with the Free Traders was to assure to a country naturally disposed towards Tariff Reform. And though Mr. Redmond is no Parnell, we shall see what we shall see, especially if the county returns continue to betray the Premier's and his Chief Whip's calculations.

And how about Mr. Asquith's assurances? What assurances can he demand or obtain? New peerages and how many of them? Consider the fuss made by the subscribers to a costly edition of Ruskin at its issue in a cheaper form, and conceive if you can the feelings of Lord Bligh or Lord Swaythling on the creation of a few hundred less expensive fellows. They would think the money for their peerages had been obtained on a false representation. Mr. Asquith is up a tree, and we do not see his way down. Does he? Providence has dealt gently with the Unionist party and seems to be about once more to see the British Empire through. Nothing disastrous can happen now.

Even Mr. Lloyd George's capacity for mischief is scotched. And Mr. Churchill may crow at Dundee loudly as he may: he will disturb no one's sleep now.

THE FARMER AND THE BUDGET.

IN appealing to Cæsar on the Budget the Lords had probably more courage than they knew. Cæsar may or may not be a dull-witted fellow: this is not the time to say. One thing, at any rate, is certain: it is the rooted opinion of the man with a vote that the law is an ass. Such a man will not have enough respect for the law to read a long legal document. Now, the Budget is a long legal document, and one that abounds in difficult places and points which—to put it mildly—are extremely nice. Had the Budget been as plain as a poster, there can be no doubt that every agrarian constituency in the United Kingdom would have returned a member pledged to procure its rejection. As it is, the supporters of that measure have in many cases been able to kick up enough dust to choke the Unionist speaker and lead his voters in a smother to the poll. In an evil hour for themselves tactically the members of the Opposition obtained exemption for certain kinds of land used for agricultural purposes from the operation of the land clauses of the Budget. Surely the rural voter has had here cause for gratitude, and surely he hurried to vote Unionist, if for the first time in his life. Unfortunately that is not quite the way it worked out. The agricultural vote has not been won, where it has been won in this election, by pointing to the services rendered by the Unionist party to agriculture in securing these exemptions. The turnover has been due to the fact that those exemptions did not go far enough, and by the fact that Unionist candidates have been able to show the more intelligent among the farmers that land at present used for agriculture is in serious danger of being taxed in spite of the specious immunity it at present enjoys. But it is just at this point that the difficulty begins. Every farmer who understands the land clauses of the Budget has voted against it. The worst of it is that, before being able to vote against it, it was necessary for him to be able to understand it; and that on the political platform was the last place in the world for a candidate to go clearly into the real bearing of these new burdens on land, the exemptions granted from those burdens, and the limitations and exceptions and conditions that qualify these exemptions. Supporters of the Budget have had full advantage of that fact from the Archbishop of York downwards. The Archbishop of York erred—we are sure—simply from his lack of technical knowledge in matters of law. He was able to say with truth that there was no single clause in the Budget which dealt with agricultural land except by way of exemption and remission. He concluded from this that the land clauses of the Budget did not lay any additional burdens on agricultural land! He has missed the technical point that the Budget begins by laying burdens on all land of whatever kind before it goes on to exempt agricultural land in certain cases. He was right in saying that no clause mentions agricultural land except to exempt it from the action of the main clauses of the Bill. He had forgotten that those main clauses had already dealt with agricultural land, though they had not actually named it. His mistake was one springing from exceeding innocence. Between the Archbishop of York and the lawyer candidate out for votes there is a great gulf. The lawyer candidate might smartly say, and did smartly say, that all agricultural land was exempt; and then, if cornered, he could ride smoothly out on the point that all land must be assessed at a building value before it became liable to fresh taxation. The thing he omitted to point out was that a great deal of land at present used for agriculture will be assessed as building land by the Government valuer when he comes to do his business. What did the ordinary voter say to that? Did he appreciate the difference between agricultural land and land used for agriculture? He did not. He simply asked the question, "Is agricultural land exempt, or is it not?" "It is exempt", said the Radical. "Yes", agreed the

Unionist, and then went on to talk of particular cases and exceptions. But the voter had by that time shut his ears. A plain statement is wanted on a platform, not refinements upon a plain statement.

It seems that it is this fact, and this fact alone, that has enabled the Radicals to poll a single vote for the Budget in an agrarian constituency. No measure has ever been drawn up more obviously aimed at the heart of the agricultural interest. Looking about for something to tax, Mr. Lloyd George picked out the one class in the country already overtaxed and overrated. The Opposition fought against this monstrous decision and obtained for agriculture certain exemptions. How far do these exemptions really go? There are thousands of acres in this country which must be assessed, if the time comes, at a building value of over £50 per acre, not because anybody has ever had the slightest intention or desire to build upon them, or because it would be to anybody's advantage to build upon them, but because their proximity to a village or town gives them a certain convenience for agricultural purposes. Such land, if let, will be liable to the undeveloped land tax. Such land, if farmed by the owner, is equally liable to that tax, if its value exceed £500. Again, the increment duty will hit agriculture equally hard. Any owner of land let to a tenant will be liable to this duty on sale or demise, provided that the Government assess it at a higher value for building than for agriculture. Any owner of such land who farms it himself will be equally liable if he possess more than fifty acres valued at more than £75 per acre. In all these cases land used for agriculture is being taxed. To say that such land is not agricultural land because it is assessed at a building value is a poor and dishonest quibble. However, it gave smart Radical candidates their chance, and they made good use of it.

The most decisive pronouncement on this subject was that made by the Speaker of the House of Commons, 21 October 1909. It was an impartial assertion made in course of settling a point of order. In reply to Mr. Harold Cox the Speaker said "The House decided yesterday that agricultural land was to be taxed". That seems plain enough. Yet this will not do for the voter. The peculiar force of that declaration is lost in transmission. The average voter cares little for "matter of record", or for the special weight attaching to an official utterance in Hansard. He just wants to know: Will my farm be taxed? Well, it all depends; and we have to say so. It depends on its gross value. It depends on its value per acre. It depends on its size. It depends on the view taken of its site value by an official not yet appointed. It depends whether he farms it himself or has let it to a tenant. Moreover, it does not depend on all these things at the same time. Consider for a moment the position of a candidate who is called upon to set this forth in clear and definite terms at a time when he is expected to play loudly to the gallery. The agricultural votes we are winning in this election we have won on the land clauses of the Budget. What agricultural votes we lost were lost because these clauses were so difficult to make plain. The exemption clauses were won for agriculture by the Unionist party. They seem to have been framed in order to give the Radical his chance on the platform.

THE LONDON CROWD.

THE London elections give one to think a good deal. Unionists should think that they have not done so well as they expected to do or as they ought to have done; Radicals that they have had a happy escape which they did not deserve. If they will think with any sort of honesty over certain of the London elections, their rejoicing will take a very sober hue. Excitement has had time to cool down a little, but the truth about Hoxton and Bermondsey, amongst others, though Liberals know it well enough, will not come home until long after all the elections are over. Then many Radicals will wish they could forget a good deal, and may become Tories too. But we are perfectly certain that Unionists

will have nothing to be so much ashamed of as have the Radicals in their victory at Hoxton. We are not going to soil our pages by giving the details of things said and done by Radicals there. It will be enough if we mention that a Socialist elector of Hoxton said to us on the day of the polling that he should in any case refrain from voting for the Liberal candidate as a protest against the disgusting tactics adopted by the Radicals in that election.

The thing that strikes one, and rather oppresses, thinking over these two or three sinister elections (it is a mild word) is that probably they would not be possible anywhere in the kingdom except in certain parts of London. These spots are not typical of poorer London, which is for the most part highly respectable and sadly dull, but essentially they are of London, if not peculiar to it. Abroad, the United States at any rate can show the same social phenomenon, aggravated. Criminal is not at all the word to hit this peculiar population. It has its criminal elements, of course. Two "wanted" figured conspicuously in a crowd that was trying to rush, very ugly, the Conservative candidate's cart at an open-air meeting in Shoreditch. One was run in; the other was "rescued" from the police by the Liberal crowd. But this might happen in any part of any large town; though somehow this kind of gentleman seems to have congregated in a way rather wonderful at some of these elections. Left alone this population is in the mass not malicious but harmless and cowed-looking. It becomes wicked, as a horse may be "wicked", only when urged by others, generally outsiders, real wicked ones, damned souls, clever at spreading the infection. The point about these unhappy people is their rottenness: no fibre, no force, no character. Bitterly poor, they know nothing, and, we may almost say, care for nothing. Apathetic, the spark in them is more easily struck by evil than good influence. He who works for them and tries to help them feels more and more that he has nothing in them to lean upon: nothing to help him to help them. They may excite disgust at times—in some moods they are frankly horrible as an ordinarily dull face looks horrible distorted by passion—but infinitely more they excite pity. They have no chance and they will not give themselves a chance. They will not take a chance; it really seems that they do not know how to take it. Such a population is of course a sediment; otherwise happily it would not be. But in London the droppings through, from all grades in all countries, into these quarters are so frequent that the sediment is rising ugly. "Colluvies gentium" is an unkind phrase, but there can be no doubt Sulla meant by it exactly what this peculiar London population is. One feels they are a mixture, no stock, no race; accidents nationally, accidents industrially. As under Free Trade the industrial surplus of every market finds its way here, so does the social surplus of all countries find its way to London. Anything less English, either in the literal or in the traditional sense, than these quarters can hardly be imagined. Most of the people talk English, and there their Englishness begins and there it ends. None feels this so much as the sound man who somehow finds himself in these uncongenial surroundings. There are many of these, of course; fine, clean, healthy fellows; but they are not many among so many. And they do not stay longer than they need. None gives a severer account of the people about him than these. Elections are a rather searching test of this kind of population. We fear in London the evidence is not that matters are improving with them. Many things are tending to get the better stock out of London, and all the time their place is more than filled by worse. Socially and morally the problem is almost overwhelming. It is serious nationally, and on that side at any rate something can be done. British statesmen will have to look the matter in the face and check this accumulation of the unfortunates of the world in London.

However, this is a small and wholly exceptional fragment of the London crowd. The crowd that has been assembling nightly to see the election results in

Trafalgar Square has nothing sinister about it. Quite the other way. Its easy good nature and comfortable contentment are so obvious that it is almost humorous. Most of the London elections have gone off quietly enough, even tamely, to the declaration of the poll. Vast crowds heard, or rather saw, the figures, roared, and went home, not quietly, because the average Englishman, on the young side of forty, is not quiet when he is happy. But bad feeling there was none. In Trafalgar Square Liberals, Conservatives, Labour men, Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, Socialists, stood side by side, and nobody minded when his neighbour's man got in or was irritated by his jubilation. And they did not argue, certainly not with any heat, on the merits of parties. One might have thought that most of them had no politics. They came out for an evening's entertainment and to make a noise. Any result served the purpose. After the show was over bands of young men paraded the streets—orderly enough—every other minute cheering lustily, for no earthly reason. Nothing had been announced; nothing had happened. Plainly politics had almost nothing to do with the crowd's assembling or its manner. They seem to have been good-tempered because they did not care. Is this political indifference a good or a bad thing? It certainly makes for peace and good order. If everybody is happy either way, there is no material for ructions. But it does not seem particularly intelligent. Here at the heart of the capital of the Empire is a great crowd waiting, breathless, of course, to see how the political tide is running. Are we not a democracy? Is not this the People, gravely exercised about the effect the results they are expecting will have upon the fortunes of the Empire? But what are they talking about? Tariff Reform and Free Trade? The question seems to be, not political at all, but which does the blue light represent and which the red? This apparently is a vastly and abidingly interesting question. Another man cannot understand why Tariff Reformers want to tax the goods we send out of the country. But he knows they do because he heard them say that they were going to tax imports. Just behind us another group were hotly discussing whether the Government side was the side that had the majority in the House or the side that were in a minority. It was a knotty point, only settled by a third party happily remembering the number of supporters the Government had in the last House; this was over three hundred, so the Government side must be that which was in a majority.

These are not inventions, but conversations heard in the Trafalgar Square crowd. We hope some members of the L.C.C. Education Committee were there and some heads of Training Colleges, and a goodly number of elementary school teachers. They should be proud of their work if they were. Is this a brilliant result of education on a people peculiarly gifted, according to Liberal historians, with political genius? Sir Robert Morant's views on the point would be interesting. There seems to be very little doubt that the multitude in London is extremely good-natured and extremely ignorant—at any rate politically. So perhaps it may be ideally fit for democracy, as too ignorant to be able to affect policy and too good-tempered to mind not affecting it.

M. BRIAND'S ANTI-CHRISTIAN CRUSADE.

ONE real service the "Times" newspaper has done to the cause of Christianity in France. The detailed account which it has published this week of the educational debate in the French Chamber has proved beyond controversy that the French Republic stands for the gradual establishment of atheism alike in State and school. Readers of the debate will realise the fact, so notorious in France, so little known in England, that for nearly thirty years the whole aim of the French Republic has been to use the teacher of the State school as an anti-Christian missionary. This, indeed, is made a matter of jubilation in the speech of M. Ferdinand Buisson, who aided in the foundation of the écoles laïques. He tells us that the idea of Jules

Ferry and his merry men in the 'eighties was to realise the theory of the Revolution, the foundation, as he puts it, of a "moral ideal independent of religions and metaphysics". The debate throws a lurid light on the manner in which the moral ideal is brought home to the infantile mind. The sort of school-book in use in the French schools contains such a passage as the following. In giving hints for a composition on the theme "un honnête homme" it says (we quote the "Times") "John is good, just, upright, and so forth. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant nor Jewish; he is virtuous, which is enough. I will follow his example". Observe, it does not run "he is Christian, which is enough". There is nothing here, or should be nothing, to thrill our undenominationalists with enthusiasm, though they are all on the side of the French Government against the Christian schools. Now in thirty-six thousand communes the only schools in existence—the schools to which Christian parents are forced by law to send their children, and for the maintenance of which they are taxed—are schools in which such a manual of instruction as this may, and probably will, be used. And, as if this were not enough, the whole power of the French State is used to encourage the teachers in this anti-Christian crusade, to promote which such manuals are composed. M. Briand, of whose moderation Europe is growing as weary as of yore Athens grew of Aristides' justice, when Minister of Education told an assembly of teachers of both sexes that it was the intention of the Government to deliver France "des mensonges confessionnels", and this week he has sought to justify his language on the peculiar ground that he was speaking in a district where Catholics are not especially civil to teachers who are seeking to proselytise their children from Christianity. Such an attitude on the part of a Premier in so bureaucratic a country as France can carry but one meaning. The French Government desires that the teachers in the schools shall make it their aim to poison the minds of children entrusted to them against the doctrines of Christianity. Oh! but, we may be told, did not M. Briand show that on one occasion a manual which tended to cast doubts on the "existence of God and to proclaim the futility of religion, whether positive or revealed", was suppressed? True. Yet this was done, as he had to admit, only after a Bishop had drawn attention to the matter. The mere fact that a single teacher dared to instruct Christian children from such a book, and that only the intervention of the Ministry of Public Instruction could save them from its infection, shows how the rights of Christian parents are respected by the French State and its bigoted staff of teachers. The attitude alike of the Ministers and of their supporters in this historic debate makes it clear that the educational machinery of the country will continue to be employed for the subversion of the children's faith. The Ministry, through the mouth of M. Briand, scoffs at the idea of providing Catholic schools for the children whose parents it taxes to support its atheistic seminaries. The Left cheers when M. Buisson declares that it is against the educational policy of the Republic to interfere with the liberty of the teacher to select his own manuals. When a schoolmaster educated by fanatical atheists is told by those high in authority that he is to train citizens to live "sans Dieu", it is easy to divine what catechisms he will use.

But while, according to the liberalism of the Jacobin, the teacher may set himself to sap the faith of the children, and the State in general will give him free licence to do so, the same State will, M. Briand declares, punish a priest who in the exercise of his sacred duty protests against the monstrous attempt of an official hireling to sap the faith of Christian children. Verily the French Catholics who groan under the yoke of M. Briand may envy the lot of those early Christians whom fortune placed under the milder rule of Julian the Apostate. The most serious aspect, however, of the situation is the avowed intention of the French Government and of the Republican party to aggravate the persecution. The Minister of Education is content, nay, anxious, that the cruel wrongs of Catholic parents

and Catholic children shall go unredressed. But he is determined to place the écoles libres, the schools which Catholics maintain at their own cost, under the heel of the State. He is willing to allow any unfledged teacher to try to sap the faith of Christian childhood, but a curriculum of studies approved by the Church must be overhauled by a Government which recognises Christianity only to persecute it. If this is liberty, it is the liberty that found expression in the Dragonnades of Louis Quatorze.

In the position which now confronts the Church of France it is impossible to speak of compromise. The Church cannot compromise on a question in which, according to her teaching, the faith of her children is at stake. And even were the matter one in which compromise were admissible, the French Government is a Government with which no compromise would be possible, for where religion is concerned, French Jacobinism is incapable of keeping faith. M. Briand may, when hard pressed in the Chamber, use words of moderation. Jules Ferry and M. Waldeck-Rousseau talked in a similar strain in other times, but ever since the days of Gambetta the Republic has moved on step by step in its attempt to realise its true ideal, "écraser l'Infâme". The Church's one hope is to meet the educational peril as she met the peril of the Separation Law. If the Church had accepted the Associations cultuelles, its doctrines and worship would be to-day at the mercy of an agnostic State. The Pope realised the danger, and at a terrible sacrifice the historic Church of France was saved. The Jacobin Government is now seeking to take revenge for this defeat by forcing the children of Christian parents into the convents of atheism. The Church, however, is awake to the children's peril, and her plea for justice has been made in language that has moved France and Europe. She only needs to stand firm to see M. Briand not for the first time make a pilgrimage to Canossa.

THE CITY.

THE City has marked its appreciation of Unionist victories by putting up Stock Exchange prices. The further reduction in the Bank rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has assisted in restoring cheerfulness. Quite a considerable amount of investment business has been put through in the last day or two, distributed over a large field. A demand for Colonial Government Three per Cents. has been a noticeable feature. At the same time there has been no abatement in the inquiry for foreign bonds, and brokers complain of the difficulty of obtaining what are described as "small" bonds—i.e. bonds of the denomination of £20 and £50. Evidently the small investor has been busy with these, the great attraction being their secrecy, there being no record of "bearer" securities. An issue of bonds guaranteed by the Great Northern Railway of the United States was snapped up within a few minutes of the opening of the subscription list. Would-be investors might give their attention to the stocks of the Trust companies. They will find it quite easy to get a return of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., with the prospect of an improvement in market values. The risks undertaken by these companies have now been reduced to a minimum, and few number among their investments such gambling counters as the shares of American railways. Among the minor companies, that of the Charter Trust and Agency is deserving of a certain amount of attention, the company no longer engaging in mining risks of any magnitude, but distributing its capital over an area comprising some really good investments. As the result of last year's working it paid $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend and made large appropriations to reserve and contingency account. By reason of the fact that its business is misunderstood the shares can be bought at par. Extending the survey of promising investments, we find attractions in the shares of the British Bank of South America. The company is well managed, is a good dividend producer, and works

in a field that is inexhaustible. The liability on the shares cannot be overlooked, but neither can it be in the case of London banking companies. A cheap foreign railway stock is that of the Mexican Southern Railway—now leased to the Inter-oceanic Railway of Mexico. The present dividend is limited to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but it rises to 4 per cent. in 1911, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1912, 5 per cent. in 1913, $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1914 and 1915, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in 1916 and subsequent years. The present price is about par.

The dividends so far announced by the home railways are full of encouragement. Especially would we single out the Great Eastern, which pays $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than this time last year. Despite an increase of about £13,000 in the wages bill, the company has saved £35,000 in working expenses, but no one who travels over the line can say that it has been starved. The secret of the economy seems to be the saving in train mileage—an economy only put into serious practice within the last two years. We attach only slight importance to the increase in the Tilbury dividend, as this is no doubt largely due to the naval display at Southend, and nothing of a similar character is promised for next year. Some of the traffics this week have not quite come up to expectations, but in the aggregate there is a substantial gain, and everything promises well for the future. If the companies can show good returns under unfavourable conditions investors cannot fail to return to this market in great number. The violent fluctuations in American securities are now the best advertisement for Home Railway stocks, and it is worth recording that one of the big firms of foreign brokers, having influential connexions in Wall Street, has this week been engaged in closing all the "bull" commitments of its clients under advice from the other side.

None too soon the directors of the Abosso and Taquah mining companies are thinking of cutting down their expenditure. The amount of money spent in administration in the past year is out of all proportion to the work done, and it is not surprising that the publication of the accounts cast a shadow over the whole of the West African market. We had thought that the days of costly extravagance in mining company management had passed, but apparently there is still something to be done in the way of reforms. The Naraguta (Nigeria) Tin Mines makes its bow to the public this week. Nothing is asked of the investor, the particulars published being "for public information only". This means, of course, that the shares are about to be introduced into the Stock Exchange. It may be that the company will have a prosperous future, but we should have preferred to see it introduced under different auspices. Next week will be issued the prospectus of the Hudsons Consolidated, Limited—a mining company which, according to the records, has had a wonderful run of success. We confess, however, to some fears as to a continuance of the good results under the ambitious programme which the directors are putting forward. The early history of the company called forth many criticisms.

INSURANCE: ANNUITIES.

III.

WE have seen that annuities enable the owner of capital to spend during his own lifetime the whole of his capital, as well as the interest upon it, thus increasing his income while he lives without running any chance of finding himself unprovided for at any time. Strictly speaking, the statement ought to be that a number of people can combine to produce this result. If, for example, one thousand men aged sixty each contributed £100 to a fund, upon which interest was earned at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, the fund could pay £10 3s. 4d. a year to each subscriber so long as he lived, and, assuming death to occur in accordance with the mortality table, the fund would be exhausted when the last payment had been made to the last survivor. For men of sixty the pur-

chase of an annuity in this way increases the income from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the capital to over 10 per cent. Those who die soon incur a financial loss for their estate, while those who live long make a financial gain for themselves; both classes secure average results, and the certainty of a greatly increased income so long as life lasts.

The terms upon which annuities can be granted depend upon the rate of interest that can be earned upon the funds and the rate of mortality that prevails among the annuitants. Dealing with the latter point first, we have to notice at least three different classes of mortality tables. There is the general population in regard to which mortality tables are derived from the census returns. The death rate is relatively high, and the average duration of life to be expected at any age is comparatively low. Other mortality tables are based upon the records of assured lives. For the most part people assured are called upon to pass a medical examination, and are not accepted at normal rates unless their personal health and their family history are good; consequently the rate of mortality among this class is lower, and the average duration of life longer, than among the general population.

The third class of mortality tables deals with annuitants, men and women being classified separately. In this case selection is exercised against the life offices, since people seldom buy annuities unless they regard it as probable that they will survive to a good old age. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the possession of a settled income, such as owning an annuity implies, conduces to longevity. Since annuities do not yield a greatly increased income when taken at young ages, they are seldom bought until people are fairly well advanced in life. Past experience shows that when the most usual ages for purchasing annuities are reached, women survive thereafter for a longer period than men, with the result that as the annual payments to be made to women of a given age are more numerous on the average than the payments to men of the same age, the amount of the payments to women is smaller for a given capital outlay than it is to men. Annuitants of both sexes exhibit a longer duration of life than either assured lives or the general population. The second consideration in determining the annuity that can be given for a stated capital outlay is the rate of interest that can be earned upon the funds: the higher the rate of interest the greater the amount of the annuity. For example, a male aged 60 could be given £94 a year for each £1,000 of purchase-money if interest upon the fund were earned at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The annuity could be £98 if 3 per cent. were earned, or £102 if the rate of interest were $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., with an increase to £106 if the calculations were made on a 4 per cent. basis. These are the net rates without any provision for expenses or profits, and are only quoted to illustrate the fact that companies which can be sure of earning a high rate of interest are in a better position to quote favourable annuity terms than offices whose yield from investments is at a lower rate.

Very few English life offices care much about selling annuities; if their terms are such as to attract a large amount of business, there is little or no profit to be derived from the transaction. Colonial offices, which for the most part earn a higher rate of interest than English or Scottish companies, can give better annuity terms, and yet make a moderate profit. Speaking generally, the expenses of Colonial offices are higher than those of English companies, and for some kinds of life assurance policies the disadvantages of heavy expenditure counteract the benefits of a high rate of interest. In connexion with annuities expenses play a relatively small part, and a high rate of interest is of much importance. Many of the Colonial offices are thoroughly sound institutions, and annuitants may with safety take advantage of the better terms which they are able to give.

TARIFF AND IMPERIAL UNITY.

By VATES.

V.—GRAND TOTAL.

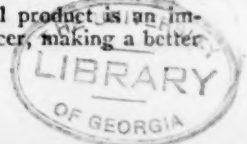
THE abnormal product and its necessary hindrance to home production cleared out of the way, the immediate success of our fiscal plan rests largely on this proposition: we can make foreign imports pay British taxes without even diminishing supply or raising price; and in doing it we can increase our alternative supply within the Empire. In theory it would seem impossible, but the theoretically impossible becomes annoyingly common in modern economic development.

The first objection will be: "If the foreign supply comes in as much as before how can the position of the imperial producer be any better in a British market?" The first thing is to find out, in practice, the circumstances in which we can make the foreigner cut his price by the amount of our duty without offering us less. To that extent we tax him. If we may judge from our own ample experience in lowering British profits to hold the markets abroad against increased duties, it is right to assume that the foreigner will stretch a point to keep his place in our own attractive market. The producer for export anywhere will make many sacrifices before definitely retiring from a market, and the plan is to test the foreigner's capacity for self-sacrifice in the interests of the British Treasury, an outlook that might make the Chancellor's work assume a fascination now unnecessarily denied to him by the tradition of a theory.

Yankee patriotism has not been above industrial investment over the frontier in Canada, and we can assist this in so far as we make the British market more profitable to Canada than to the United States, turning the Yankee dollar to consolidate the British Empire. With the relative profit of production within the Empire thus increased, the increase in production follows, enabling us by degrees to substitute imperial for foreign products, not by any initial exclusion of the foreigner, which would raise prices, but by enabling the imperial producer steadily to displace him, while possibly making prices lower. Meanwhile we have the foreigner performing two excellent services for us, first paying British taxes out of foreign industry, and, secondly, holding out, at his own expense, to keep our imperial producer up to the mark in competitive efficiency so as to keep our prices down during the transition from foreign supply to imperial self-dependence. The industrial foreigner can be of much use to us if only we encourage him to apply himself in our interests; and it is time we tried to find out what he is prepared to pay for his place in our market rather than leave it.

The imperial producer's cost of marketing also is diminished, which is the same as lessening his cost of production, also increasing his profit, and so inducing him to produce more. On the British produce exchanges they are thinking about what they can make on a product, not about its origin; but a duty, however small, on an imported product makes it easier to market a competing product imported free, and the greater ease in marketing means greater gain from producing. A practical knowledge of business, especially international commerce, shows how very small are the margins that enable this to be done; and the import duty that would make the process work regularly in favour of the Empire might not need to be more than the fractional margin in commercial incidence which determines the direction of trade every day, but does not enter into the consumer's price by the fraction of a farthing on a man's food for a month. Thus the Imperial Cabinet, arranging their fiscal affairs for all the countries, has but to make itself a constant factor in the commercial situation, influencing the direction of trade but not necessarily the prices of the commodities, and thereby widening our alternative source of supply. It is a matter of playing on the narrowest margins that can make orders go this way or that without appreciably affecting price on clearing averages.

The prohibition of the abnormal product is an immediate gain to the imperial producer, making a better



market for his normal products; and though this is the only point at which the scheme could raise prices the rise could not be more than temporary, since the abnormal product itself tends to raise prices in so far as it hinders normal production. The receipt of every job lot goes to lower immediate prices, but it also checks production where it is imported, raising ultimate prices. The colonies ought to be specially interested in this, because they deal less in sweating and job lots than the older communities.

Finally we have the increase in revenue, and since it is not at the cost of the home taxpayer he cannot complain if some of the money be paid out as subventions to extend within the Empire the industrial basis on which the Empire's strength and credit are founded. The nation that keeps the security and development of productive power sufficiently in view must come out right in the end, and that is why the United States can send us agricultural machinery, and most successfully the articles representing in their production the greatest quantity and the most expensive quality of labour, a modern transformation that would remain quite impossible, assuming any substantial truth in the Free Trade theory. Let a nation stand highest in productive power, and all the tariffs in the world, home and foreign, cannot prevent her taking her proportionate place in commerce; but then, as already shown, the development of productive power in a country is hindered by the "freedom" that exposes her production to the disturbance of every industrial wind that blows throughout the world.

Though we may not anticipate with exactness, we can indicate without serious error the conditions in which the exporting foreigner can be forced to pay our taxes out of his production, and also the conditions in which the duty must be borne by our own consumer. It depends first on the proportion between the taxed imports and the alternative supplies at a given time; and the greater the dependence on imports the smaller the chance of making their producer pay the duty, because the chief influence on price in a given market at a given time arises, not on the spot, but rather at the chief source of production, no matter how far away. So long as only a fifth of our necessary wheat is produced in the United Kingdom the predominant factors in determining our price of wheat must work from elsewhere, and the foreigner can to that extent refuse to lower his price by the amount of our duty, in which case it must fall on our consumer. It is the other way about when, as in the United States, the home supply is so large that a wheat duty three times the total value might be put on without raising the prices at all. In the next place, it depends on our own freedom, which is in our power, to fix as we please the proportion between our taxed imports and our alternative supplies. It is always in our power to permit free such a proportion of our imports as can force the foreign producer to lower his selling price and so pay our duty on the other proportion, with incidental advantages as well. For instance, the United States becomes a relatively smaller buyer of British products, while the Argentine is among the very few countries that become relatively larger buyers; so that a lower duty on Argentine food products in the British market might be just the determining factor by which we could force the United States to pay British taxes.

There is a most hopeful tendency towards alternative supply in food staples within the Empire. Take wheat, meat, butter and cheese together. From 1892 to 1906 the colonial percentage of our import supply rose from 25 to 38, the foreign percentage falling from 75 to 62. It is a crime against the Empire that cheap rhetoric should be permitted to hinder such a development, which has but to reach a certain point to make the foreigner pay British taxes for his place in the British market.

Constitutionally, by this scheme the Supreme Legislature of the United Kingdom stands level with the other Supreme Legislatures of the Empire, a new imperial power taking precedence of each in the common interests of all, and alike representative of all. The Imperial Parliament would have something to give up, but in the

alternative the United Kingdom would have to give up more, sinking to a secondary place among the nations. The inevitable choice is between imperial reconstruction and the decay of the United Kingdom. On material grounds alone there are three or four countries in Europe whose bases are so much broader, and whose potential development is so much greater, that the comparative weakness of the United Kingdom is only a question of time; but, on the other hand, with our Empire a political unity, and with her younger communities rising rapidly on practically limitless resources, the British outlook remains unmatched by anything in the world.

A COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

I AM one of those travellers for whom the railway book-stall does not cater. Whenever I start on a journey, I find that my choice lies between well-printed books which I have no wish to read, and well-written books which I could not read without permanent damage to my eye-sight. The keeper of the book-stall, seeing me gaze vaguely along the shelves, suggests that I should take "Hard as Nails" or else "The Track of Blood" and have done with it. Not wishing to hurt his feelings, I refuse these works on the plea that I have read them. Whereon he, divining despite me that I am a superior person, says "Here is a nice little handy edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'" or "Carlyle's 'French Revolution'"; and again I make some excuse. I suppose it is because the classics have been said to be the books which no one ever reads that the publishers are always publishing them in that "nice little handy" form which no one will ever buy. What pleasure could there be for me or for anyone else in trying to read a masterpiece printed in diminutive greyish type on a semi-transparent little greyish page? Thus it is that usually I disburden the book-stall of nothing but a newspaper or two. The other day, however, my eye and my fancy were caught by a book entitled "How Shall I Word It?" and described as "A Complete Letter Writer for Men and Women". I had never read one of these manuals, but had often heard that there was always a great and constant "demand" for them. So I demanded this one.

It is no great fun in itself. The writer is no fool. He has evidently a natural talent for writing letters. His style is, for the most part, discreet and easy. If you were a young man writing "to Father of Girl he wishes to Marry" or "thanking Fiancée for Present" or "reproaching Fiancée with being a Flirt", or if you were a mother "asking Governess her Qualifications" or "replying to Undesirable Invitation for her Child", or if indeed you were in any other of the crises which this book is designed to alleviate, you might copy out and post the specially-provided letter without making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of the recipient—unless, of course, he or she also possessed a copy of the book. But can you conceive any one on the face of the earth copying out and posting one of these letters, or even taking it as a basis for composition? You cannot. That shows how little you know of your fellow-creatures. Not you nor I can plumb the abyss at the bottom of which such humility and lack of humour were possible. Nevertheless, as we know by that great and constant "demand", there the abyss is, and there multitudes are at the bottom of it. Let us peer down. No, all is darkness. But faintly, if we listen hard, is borne up to us the sound of the scratching of innumerable pens—pens whose wielders are all trying, as the author of this manual urges them, to "be original, fresh, and interesting" by dint of more or less strict adherence to sample.

Giddily withdrawing from the edge of the abyss, and stricken with a sense of life's infinite mysteries and ironies, we may take some comfort in an inference which we draw inevitably from this manual: that the great dark masses of helpless folk for whom it is written are sound at heart, delicate in feeling, anxious to please, loth to wound. For it must be presumed that the

author's style of letter-writing is informed as much by a desire to give his public what it needs, and will pay for, as by his own beautiful nature. And in the course of all the letters that he dictates there is not one harsh word, not one unkind insinuation. In all of them, though so many purport to be written in the most trying circumstances—sometimes under a sense of intolerable injury—sweetness and light reigns. Even "yours truly, Joseph Langton", in his "letter to his Daughter's Mercenary Fiancé", qualifies the sternness of his tone by the remark that his "task is inexpressibly painful". And he, Mr. Langton, is the one writer who lets the post go out on his wrath. When Horace Masterton, of Thorpe Road, Putney, receives from Miss Jessica Weir, of Fir Villa, Blackheath, a letter "declaring her Change of Feelings", does he upbraid her? No; "it was honest and brave of you to write to me so straightforwardly, and at the back of my mind I know you have done what is best. . . . I give you back your freedom only at your own desire. God bless you, dear". Not less admirable, in similar case, is the behaviour of Cecil Grant (14 Glover Street, Streatham). Suddenly, as a bolt from the blue, comes a letter from Miss Louie Hawke (Elm View, Deerhurst), breaking off her betrothal to him. Haggard, he sits down to his desk; his pen traverses the note-paper—calling down curses on Louie and on all her sex? No; "one cannot say good-bye for ever without deep regret to days that have been so full of happiness. I must thank you sincerely for all your great kindness to me. . . . With every sincere wish for your future happiness". But do not imagine that all the self-control and sympathetic understanding come from the men. Poor Miss Leila Johnson (the Manse, Carlisle) has observed in Leonard Wace (Dover Street, Saltburn) a certain coldness of demeanour towards her; yet "I do not blame you; it is probably your nature". Mine is a fallen nature; and I had not read half-way through this book before I began to long for a little outburst of anger, hatred, or malice, from one of these imaginary ladies and gentlemen. I craved a glimpse of some bad motive, some little lapse from dignity. Often, passing by a pillar-box, I have wished I could unlock it and carry away its contents, to be studied at my leisure. I have always thought such a haul would, on the average, give one a keener insight into the human comedy than is to be got from all the best masters of fiction, past and present, native and alien, rolled together. One night, some years ago, I took a waxen impression of the lock of the pillar-box nearest to my house, and had a key made. This implement I have always lacked either the courage or the opportunity to use. And now I think I shall throw it away. . . . No, I shan't. I refuse, after all, to draw my "inevitable" inference that the great mass of the populace writes always in the manner of this manual. Even if they all have beautiful natures, they must sometimes go astray under naughty impulses, just as you and I do.

And, if err they must, surely it were well that they should know how to do it forcibly and effectively. I suggest to the author of "How Shall I Word It?" that he should sprinkle the next edition with a few less righteous examples, thereby both relieving his book of its monotony and going some way to establish the title of "Complete Letter Writer." Like most people who write habitually for print, I have not the art of writing good letters. But let me crudely indicate the sort of thing that the manual needs. . . .

LETTER FROM POOR MAN TO OBTAIN MONEY FROM RICH ONE.

[The English law is particularly hard on what is called blackmail. It is therefore essential that the applicant should write nothing that might afterwards be twisted to incriminate him.—ED.]

Dear Sir,

To-day, as I was turning out a drawer in my attic, I came across a letter which by a curious chance fell into my hands some years ago, and which, in the stress of grave pecuniary embarrassments, had escaped

my memory. It is a letter written by yourself to a lady in the year 1897, shortly after your marriage. It is of a confidential nature, and might, I fear, if it fell into the wrong hands, be cruelly misconstrued. I would wish you to have the satisfaction of destroying it in person. At first, I thought of sending it on to you by post. But I know how happy you are in your domestic life; and probably your wife and you, in your perfect mutual trust, are in the habit of opening each other's letters. Therefore, to avoid risk, I would prefer to hand the document to you personally. I will not ask you to come to my attic, where I could not offer you such hospitality as is due to a man of your wealth and position. So will you be so good as to meet me at three A.M. (sharp) to-morrow (Thursday) at the plinth of the Duke of York's Column; at which hour and place we are not likely to be disturbed.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,
James Gridge.

LETTER FROM YOUNG MAN REFUSING TO PAY TAILOR'S BILL.

Mr. Eustace Daversham has received the half-servile, half-insolent scree which Mr. Yardley has addressed to him. Let Mr. Yardley cease both from crawling on his knees and from shaking his fist. Neither this posture nor this gesture will wring one bent farthing from the pockets of Mr. Daversham, who was a minor at the time when that series of ill-made suits was supplied to him, and who will hereafter, as in the past, proclaim to every one in quest of clothes that of all the tailors in London Mr. Yardley is at once the most dishonest and the least competent.

LETTER TO MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT UNSEATED AT GENERAL ELECTION.

Dear Mr. Pobsby-Burford,

Though I am myself an ardent Tariff Reformer, I can but rejoice in the crushing defeat you have just suffered in West Odgetown. There are moments when political conviction is overborne by personal sentiment; and this is one of them. Your loss of the seat that you held is the more striking by reason of the splendid manner in which the Eastern and Northern divisions of Odgetown have been wrested from the Free Traders. The great bulk of the newspaper-reading public will probably be puzzled by your extinction in the midst of our party's triumph. But then, the great bulk of the newspaper-reading public has not met you. I have. You will probably not remember me. You are the kind of man who would not remember any one who might not be of definite use to him. Such, at least, was one of the impressions you made on me when I met you last summer at a dinner given by our friends the Pelhams. Among the other things in you that struck me were the blatant pomposity of your manner, your appalling flow of cheap platitudes, and your hoggish lack of ideas. It is such men as you who lower the tone of public life. And I am sure that in writing to you thus I am but expressing what is felt, without distinction of party, by all who sat with you in the Parliament of 1906-1910.

The one person in whose behalf I regret your withdrawal into private life is your wife, whom I had the pleasure of taking in to the aforesaid dinner. It was evident to me then that she was a woman whose spirit was well-nigh broken by her conjunction with you. Such poor remnants of vitality as she showed I attributed to the parliamentary duties which kept you out of her sight for some fifteen hours daily. I do not like to think of the fate to which the free and independent electors of West Odgetown have just condemned her. Only remember this: chattel of yours though she is, and timid and humble, she despises you in her heart.

I am, dear Mr. Pobsby-Burford,

Yours sincerely,
Harold Thistlake.

PHILOGEORGOS, OR CONCERNING BRIBERY:
A PLATONIC FRAGMENT.

GOING down the other day to the Kerameikos, I met my friend Philogeorgos, who is at present one of those who desire to hold office in the city. And I said to him:

"Philogeorgos, you look sad; is it because you fear lest you should not be elected Archon?"

"No, Socrates", he replied. "It is not that which saddens me; it is the baseness of those who try to prevent the people from choosing me."

"In what way do they act basely?" I asked.

"There is a certain wine-seller", he said, "who is offering what the Hyperboreans call Free Drinks (that is, you know, draughts of wine without payment) to all those who will vote for Misogeorgos, but not for me."

"That is very unkind of the wine-seller. But why do you say that the transaction is base?"

"Why, of course it is base. How can it be anything else?"

"When we predicate baseness of a transaction", I said, "we must also predicate baseness of those who are concerned in it, or at least of one of them. Now, Philogeorgos, let me ask you a question; for you are accustomed by this time to answer questions. When you wish for a pair of shoes or a flute, how do you obtain one?"

"How else", he said, "except by buying it from a shoemaker or a maker of flutes?"

"How else, indeed?" I replied. "So, then, the tradesman gives you something which he possesses; and you give the tradesman in return something which you possess. And this exchange is advantageous to both of you, and honourable; is it not?"

"I suppose so."

"And neither of you becomes base?"

"Neither."

"Then it is not a base transaction?"

"No."

"Now consider in this way: Does a vote belong to the man who possesses a vote?"

"Yes, Socrates; but I am afraid that you are going to quibble, as usual."

"It is only by dialectic", I replied, "that we can arrive at the truth. And the wine belongs, I suppose, to the wine-seller?"

"It would seem so, at least."

"Then, when the wine-seller gets the voter's vote in exchange for his own wine, they simply give each other what each possesses; and such a transaction, as you have said, is advantageous to both parties, and honourable, and not base at all."

"I said", he replied, rather angrily, "that you were going to quibble. Of course, the case is quite different. A vote is a sacred thing; and it ought not to be exchanged for the satisfaction of mere bodily desires, such as the desire for drink."

"Nor for any other material comfort?" I asked.

"Certainly not", he replied.

"Nobly spoken, indeed!" I said. "But I confess, all the same, that you rather surprise me; for only this morning I heard the herald proclaiming in your name that all the citizens would have Free Food if they voted for Philogeorgos. And I remember how some years ago either Phaidrolithos or one of those around him used to promise at elections that everyone should have three acres of land and a cow, on condition that the city kept him and his party in power. You do not mean to tell me that what Phaidrolithos or his friends did was base?"

"No, indeed", he replied. "But surely, Socrates, even you must see that this is a different matter altogether."

"How different? You say that votes must not be exchanged for material comforts; yet Free Food is a material comfort; and so are three acres, because they produce food; and so, I presume, is a cow. And these things were offered to the voter in exchange for his vote, just as the wine-seller now is offering draughts of wine."

"No, Socrates, it is not the same thing at all. When I talk of Free Food, and when men like Phaidrolithos

talk of land and cows, we do not give these things immediately in exchange for votes. We could not; they are not ours to give; we have not got them."

"That is very true", I said. "For I remember when Phaidrolithos and his party were put in power many people used to come to those in authority and demand that they should now receive three acres of land each and a cow; and when they did not receive these things they were indignant, as having been deceived. And I daresay that when you are in power men will come expecting to receive Free Food, and will not get it. But, as far as I understand your argument, it is honourable to promise in return for a vote that which you cannot give; but when one promises that which he can give, as the wine-seller does, that is base, and that makes you sad. Is it not so? And the reason seems to be that when the wine-seller offers Free Drinks for a vote, then the vote is sold; but when you offer Free Food for a vote, then it is not the vote which is sold, but only the voter."

"Socrates", said Philogeorgos, "you are a philosopher; and no philosopher ever understood politics. But I am busy, and have really no more time to waste upon you and your dialectics."

"Farewell, then, Philogeorgos", I said; "but please do not be angry with me for being so stupid. And if I were you", I continued, "I do not think I would be angry with the wine-seller either; for perhaps the draughts of wine will make the citizens drunk, especially when they need not be paid for; and when a citizen is drunk he will run the risk of voting for you rather than for Misogeorgos. Do you not think so?"

But Philogeorgos was already out of hearing.

A. D. G.

ARTS AND CRAFTS: AND THE TWELVE.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

THE New Gallery is to be turned to other uses. We shall associate it in our memories with many a fine collection of old and of new art; but with nothing more closely than the exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts Society, the ninth of which is now to be seen within its walls. A change has come over the character of this Society's work since its first exhibition, though the inspiring influence of William Morris is still plainly visible. In the furniture especially one notes not only a soberer taste but a very decided advance in fine workmanship. In early exhibitions I remember many strangely undesirable objects, the outcome, apparently, of the desire to be original, unsupported by the power, and of little else. And how ill-made, how clumsy! At such things, and still more at the flaunting monstrosities in which the Germans have caricatured them, we have all shuddered. But let us be tender to this movement, even to its failures and absurdities, for they were inevitable in a time of groping and experiment.

The nineteenth century has much to answer for. To men of science it is, I suppose, the great, the marvellous age in the world's history. But we are far from living by science alone, and in other aspects it appears as a century of destruction. Let no one suppose that the havoc wrought by machinery and commercialism is a thing that concerns only those who care for the aesthetic side of existence; it goes to the heart of our national life. It destroys the joy of the workman in his work; and how much of what is deplorable to-day—senseless amusements, blankness of mind, and all that the worthy citizen is accustomed to denounce in letters to the newspapers as the degeneration of the lower orders—springs from this, and this alone. Debase work and you debase leisure. These dehumanising conditions present as formidable a problem as any we have to face. The problem is being very seriously considered by social reformers and by educationists now that they have begun to realise its immense importance. But all this opens too large questions for my present purpose, and the theme has inspired far more eloquent pens than mine. Another consequence of our system is the corruption of the workman's taste; the mechanical, the tame, the lifelessly regular, has become

his ideal. Is this state of things to last for ever? I, for one, do not believe it. Meanwhile all honour to those who are striving in a good cause to rebuild what has been destroyed. All honour to William Morris, who did a giant's work to make it fruitful.

I sometimes think that more might be done by a reformation of handwriting and lettering of all kinds than by any one other change. For this enters perforce the lives of everyone. To visit a graveyard and scan the lettering on the tombs, and see the progressive degradation of inscription and ornament, is infinitely depressing. And consider the meanness of the lettering in the street-names put up by some of our public bodies: those which Westminster boasts, for instance. We have the word "imperial" often in our mouths. Any fragment of Roman inscription proclaims at once to the eye the imperial race that made it; but what would posterity divine from those framed and glazed labels? In this, however, as in architecture generally, we are moving forward; a powerful leaven is working. And among public bodies the London County Council deserves especial praise; its technical school in Southampton Row, under Mr. Lethaby's guidance, is doing excellent work and grappling with the problem of giving young craftsmen the means to know their particular craft from beginning to end, and thus humanising their interest in their work. In the matter of lettering, the work of Mr. Gill and others, shown at the New Gallery, should be seen by everyone who cares for beauty. With such examples before us, there is no excuse for tolerating the degraded freaks of the monumental mason. Nor do I doubt that before long even the monumental masons will be changing their style; people will wake up to its hideousness and have none of it. We have seen in our time what has been done in the printer's trade. In this exhibition there are examples of printing from private presses which will become classic: Mr. St. John Hornby's magnificent folio Dante; the volumes produced by the Doves Press; and Mr. Pissarro's "Eragney" books, adorned with his own charming coloured woodcuts. But with these may be seen what ordinary firms can achieve, such as Mr. Horne's "Botticelli", produced by the Chiswick Press. This, no doubt, was superintended by Mr. Horne, who has himself designed for ordinary use perhaps the finest of all modern types, specimens of which are exhibited. It is in book-production that the movement started by Morris has had its most felicitous effect; no other country approaches us in this respect. Then there are the bindings by Mr. Douglas Cockerell, by Miss Adams, and others, some rather over-ornamented, though a few by Miss Sybil Pye stand out by their delicate severity of style; and the cases of handwriting and illumination, in which Mr. Hewitt's and Mrs. Powell's manuscript and Mrs. Sydney Cockerell's wonderful miniature work are prominent, are a delight to the eye.

When one passes from the room in which these things are shown to the other sections of the exhibition, the effect is by no means so satisfying. It is true that there is a marked progress from the amateurish to the workmanlike; the old mediævalism and more modern freakishness are waning; but what one feels conscious of is the absence of a governing style and character. In the furniture, the metalwork, pottery and glass there are some exhibits which are really admirable; but the improvement is mainly due to better workmanship and to the choice of better models by artists, each working on his own lines. What is wanted is the coming of a genius to fuse and co-ordinate these efforts and to stamp them with a character of its own, belonging to our time. But if we have to wait for this awhile, let us not depreciate the labours of those who are working towards that much-to-be-desired end, the total abolition of the vulgar idea that an artist must be a painter in oils or a sculptor. Now is the time for the painters and sculptors to join hands with those who work at the various crafts and complete the movement from the other side. The present exhibition is least satisfactory in the larger schemes of decoration, and this in spite of three very interesting and remarkable cartoons for frescoes by Mrs. Florence Sargent,

work of originality and power. Mr. Batten's large triptych has been wrought with the most earnest care, but fails to fuse the decorative and the representative elements; it lacks the spontaneous rhythm born of spiritual exaltation, or else the patient labour has weighed down an original fervour. Contrast this for a moment with some of Blake's designs, and the want becomes sadly apparent. Other more unhappy efforts in the exhibition I will not mention. Mr. Image shows his old sense of beauty and dignity of design in his cartoon for stained glass, and Miss Esplin exhibits a good "St. Christopher"; but these are exceptions.

Far too many of our painters are totally unversed in design as applied to other materials than pigment on canvas or paper. There will be no real health till we get back to the spirit of Alfred Stevens, who "knew of but one art" and was ready to make beauty of any materials and address himself to any task proposed him. In the Society of Twelve are some of the few artists living in England who have this spirit in them, who practise various graphic arts, and who, we feel, have enough of creative design in them to be capable of enlarging their activities to other uses, were the scope afforded them. In this connexion I would like to express most cordial agreement with Mr. Rothenstein's suggestion, backed by Professor Sadler, that the art students of Leeds should be given the opportunity of decorating the new buildings in that town. I greatly hope this suggestion may be carried out, and that other towns will follow the example. That, above all, is what is wanted now; to have faith in youth and give it strenuous tasks, instead of calling in commercial abilities or tired successful men. We have so much talent among us and we put it to so little use. In the exhibition of the Twelve, which opens next Monday at Messrs. Obach's, Mr. Rothenstein is not exhibiting; Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Orpen, Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Craig are also absent. None the less, it is likely to prove, as usual, the choicest and most distinguished small exhibition of the year. Mr. Legros sends some unusually beautiful drawings; and if I do not dwell on the fine contributions by Mr. Strang, Mr. Bone, Mr. Clausen, Mr. John, Mr. Moore, Mr. Shannon, it is only because the quality of their work is familiar to all who seek out and enjoy the original and imaginative in the art of our day. One of the newer members, Mr. Francis Dodd, proves the growth of his powers by a group of etchings and drawings of exceptional force and character. His realism still lacks something of the controlling element of rhythm, but he has done nothing so fine as the masculine portrait of Mr. Epstein, of which both the etching and the study for it are shown. It is, however, the newest member of all, Mr. Ernest Cole, who provides the keenest interest of the exhibition. Mr. Cole, so far as I am aware, has never exhibited before; but both his red-chalk drawings and his dry-points are astonishing. It is not only force and character that are manifested here—witness the extraordinary grip and intensity in the portrait heads—it is something much rarer, imaginative vision. Mr. Cole can not only set down at once, incisively and sensitively, what he sees; he can see a riot of baby-forms floating, tumbling, frolicking in the air, and draw them so that we see them too, and entirely believe in them. He can make a study of a mother with a child on her shoulder, so that we feel the beauty of the relation between their forms as well as the physical sense of movement, buoyancy and pressure. And this with an instinct which avoids equally the painfulness of labour and the facility of emptiness, simply and naturally using the omissions and the emphasis that make style. It is indeed of good omen that such a promise as this should come to put hope in those of us who believe in the future of English art and in its imaginative vigour.

VOTES IN THE VILLAGE.

THE village has spoken. The poll is closed; and the fraction of a nation's divided will contained in some two hundred voting-papers is on its guarded way to the county town. The little knots of onlookers drift

away from the lane before the school-house, where all day the motor-cars backed and turned and churned the mud. At the crossways, where the lane joins the high road, a group halts under the last lamp for one more argument; and an old man, tall and thin, grey-whiskered, in clothes of somewhat antique cut, a John Bull grown lean and strenuous under hard times, leaves the company to their discussion and takes the way across the fields to High Chimneys Farm. He is followed by a friendly "Good-night, Mas' Denton", and when he is a little farther out of range by two or three jeering whoops which signify a touch of party feeling. At his yard gate he stops, with his hand on the latch; the night is mild and still, and he turns to look back at the blur of yellow light on the low-hung clouds above the line of lamps and windows which marks the village street. He is not sorry that the fight is over; though these be pigmy wars compared with the giant contests of his youth, there is a wicked temper in the strife which tells him that he has had enough. Forty years in the south have not taken much of the edge from his north-country breeding; his memories of old election times in a Yorkshire woollen town in the 'forties, of the processions with bands and banners to the hustings, the fights, the chairing after the poll, make these latter-day campaigns of softer Arcady, the philippics on the village green addressed to loafing boys with their hands in their pockets and cigarettes in their mouths, the all-but unanimous meetings in the impartial school-room, seem the diversions of a feeble breed. Here the fiercest reprisal is the tearing-down of a poster, which the children, pleased with a splendid new cockshy, have already bombarded with mud on their way to school. The very applause at the candidates' meetings is a poor, thin affair, hardly more inspiring than that which is wont to greet the comic relief at a penny reading. No modern enthusiasm could ever approach the bursting fervour which John Denton remembers when his father, shoving aside a massive pitman in the crowd on Woodhouse Moor, roared the irresistible appeal, "Stand out of the way while I cheer!"

As far as the degenerate modern methods allow he still works for his colours in something of the paternal spirit. There are elements in the south-country nature which he has never quite mastered, a quality yielding, yet immovable in the mass, like the wealden clay; a mild-mannered impenetrableness which can outwear the Yorkshire sharpness itself. He thinks of the phlegmatic balance of the popular mind, hardly to be provoked to commit itself to an interruption at a meeting, while he remembers the days of his youth—fiery debates cut short by the mill-hooter, or a slogging rally, backs to the wall, in Briggate. As he looks down on the mistily shining curve of the village street he reckons over once more the chances of the present fray. He knows, better perhaps than the party agents, the likelihood of all the votes in his neighbourhood, with the exception of a small but interesting group; he can do sums with tolerable certainty about the voices of the wood-yard, the school-house, the Red Lion, the shops, the gamekeepers' cottages; and he observes, in a way which few practical politicians seem to have troubled themselves to follow, something of that intricate mixture of private concerns which interfere in a very curious manner with the direct and simple appeal of party programmes. He knows very well that his own cowman, who has been with him for thirty years, will vote his master's way, from no other principle than a dog-like attachment and belief; and that the carter will go counter, mainly out of a cross-grained independence, a defiance to a purely imaginary "influence". Influence, in the sense of intimidation, is sometimes mentioned on parish platforms in the heat of a contest, but very rarely afterwards. We bear in mind to our profit the libel action on that score successfully brought by a gentleman farmer against a local preacher some ten years ago; if we have our private doubts as to the attitude towards his men of the owner of the little saw-yard at Tinkler's Corner, they are not sufficiently material to weigh against the character of such a representative of civic purity. If a landowner be liberal beyond his wont, and actually turn his tenant farmers

loose on the remainder cock pheasants, instead of giving them the accustomed yearly rabbit hunt, we are pleased, as the volleys re-echo along the hillsides, to think that it would be a niggardly Legislature which sought to close every channel for good-nature before the polling-day, and that with the ballot no harm need be done after all. The influence which Farmer Denton exercised upon his carter consisted in the jocular charge, "I know you're sure to be always on the right side, Jesse", when they met by lantern-light in the stock-yard at six o'clock this morning; it was answered by a reproving sourness, secure in assured wages and milk and the best cottage in the parish.

But if there is very little "influence" of an intentional kind, there are no bounds to the kind that is unmeant and mainly unsuspected. A good deal of this comes into the mind of old Denton as he contemplates the little constituency below the hill, remembering its ways and humours in this and earlier struggles. He recalls the candidate—a gentleman who had to answer very tiresome questions at his meetings about his commercial origins—for whom the seat was captured by the energetic charm of his wife; and another whose majority of seven might with probability be traced to the play which he made upon the groundlings with an easy manner and a small stock of funny stories, against his opponent who framed his addresses chiefly on a too recent History Tripos, and on the platform possessed the single oratorical gesture of buttoning and unbuttoning his coat with extreme rapidity. Things such as these are fairly patent; but who shall calculate the effect of personality beneath the surface, the momentary, cumulative touches which set a man's fancy to or from a candidate or a cause? Denton thinks that he knows something of the factors in one large department, at least, of rural energy; he has seen the effect of a month in jail for a Sunday's rabbiting, balanced against the casual three shillings for a day's beating; has watched the slow-rooting grudge as week by week the laying hens went to feed the foxes and only now and then returned in the shape of the hardly-extracted two shillings from the poultry fund—a grudge which gradually overcame an exceptional easiness of temper and an old-fashioned feeling for sport, and might have never even questioned the dispensation if that had remained in the hands of the older gentry, who had been brought up to the business and were generally content with the native quarry which their woods provided. Something, too, he understands of the strains and collisions of social forces in the parish, of fifty doubtfully mingling streams of tendency. Here is a dowager of advanced views, whose beating-down of the little tradesmen rouses more tangible hostility than can be quite worked off by the private judgment that the offender is "no lady". Here is one, whose title no one dreams of challenging, whose well-hidden benevolence has gained a power which she would be the last to desire. Here a little corn dealer, our fiery revolutionary in his younger days, grown to the dignity of cottage property and public office, fills the proletariat with withering scorn; here the pastor of the chapel foud rouses the earnest youth and scandalises the prudent elders of the flock by trumpet-notes from the platform.

Amongst such thrusts and counter-thrusts as these, to which the rustic voter's mind is exposed, an observer with something less than old Denton's philosophy might well wonder where room could be found for the party stimuli which are supposed to excite the body politic at these seasons of far-reaching responsibility. The data here have little of the precision which may be seen in those impertinent reactions of human nature whereby the issue of the hour is apt to be disturbed. The greater number of minds may no doubt be counted on with some certainty—the ear-marked sheep or goats in their respective pens, and the regularly recurring strays, the hereditary Radical voting as his fathers voted before him, the new-made Conservative adapted by careful Nature to the environment of a bit of property. Only one order remains uncounted and a little mysterious—the open minds, the balance-holders, who do not seem to receive half the attention given either to convinced supporters or sworn foes; whatever they may be—

philosophers drunk or sober, humorists, mere backers of the winner—they are masters of the nation and makers of the age to be.

The end to which such musings as these point is likely to please only a misanthrope or a detached satirist. To John Denton, whose love of his country it is which has made him lay about his compatriots' ears so soundly all his life, they threaten bottomless doubts and something shaping towards despair. He leaves the yard gate, a breath of keener air stirring the quiet night and motioning him towards the warm-lit windows of the farm. As he passes the stable he hears the horses slowly munching in their stalls; the sow snores profound content from her pound; the cart-lodge in the beam from the kitchen window shows all its gear trim and ready for to-morrow's labour. The fine smell of the haystacks, of dry straw in the barn, is part of a charm which works to smooth out those frowning meditations. We shall see the sun to-morrow and survive, even if the carrier should bring the news that our man is not in.

ROME UNSEEN.*

By RICHARD DAVEY.

IN the summer of 1865 Rome was crowded with visitors from the four quarters of the earth, attracted by the exceptionally splendid ceremonies in connexion with the canonisation of the Japanese Martyrs, victims of the great persecution of the seventeenth century. It was probably the first time since that dreadful event that even the name of Japan had been much mentioned in the Eternal City, and the small group of Japanese, representing the descendants of the Martyrs, who attended the functions in S. Peter's and wore their national costumes, were distinctly the living heroes of the day. An English lady added considerably to the interest of the occasion by opening a private exhibition of old Japanese engravings, drawings, and colour-prints, which were probably amongst the first ever seen in Italy. Since then the whole history of Rome has changed and, simultaneously with it, that of Japan. Both the Italians and the Japanese have "progressed", for better or for worse. In those times who could have foreseen that fifty years later a Japanese artist, dressed like a European, would sketch effects of Roman colour, as he tells us, sometimes "sitting in a cab", at others "perched on a crumbling piece of ruin"? The most interesting feature of Miss Potter's book is the fact that it is illustrated by sixty excellently reproduced sketches in "three colours" by a Japanese artist, Mr. Yoshio Markino, but unfortunately drawn more or less in modern European style, which is distinctly to their detriment. There is an absolute Japanese art, just as there is an absolute Italian and an absolute French art, and for the life of me I cannot see why Mr. Markino should not have followed the old Japanese lines, improving upon them. He would then have given us glimpses of Rome as seen through Japanese eyes, not through European glasses. What would one not give to see a series of sixty sketches of Rome taken by a Japanese artist of the great period of that nation's art, the beginning of the eighteenth century? How true and accurate the architectural drawing would have been, and how vivid, perhaps too vivid, the colouring! They might have lacked in atmosphere, but they would have gained in quaintness, and we should have been able to see in them those apparently insignificant objects to which the old Japanese artists attached so much importance, but which Mr. Markino has in most instances left out, evidently on purpose. Some years ago, in a London exhibition of Japanese art, there was shown a Japanese engraving representing an

Italian villa—or was it a house in Venice?—overgrown with wistaria, whose glory was reflected in running water. Between two of the branches of the wistaria tree hung a web of extraordinary fineness, and hanging from it by a thread a marvellously drawn and coloured spider, which made the centre of the whole picture. Exact in detail as a photograph, the little sketch was yet full of that peculiar directness of purpose which is so distinctive a feature of Eastern art. But in this book we have the old story of a man trying to develop, not on his own lines but other people's.

There is, indeed, more of "the colour of Rome" in Miss Olave Potter's charming descriptive writing than in the sketches of Mr. Markino, who, unfortunately, in his too evident determination to be European, has not, except in a very few instances, caught "the colour of Rome" at all, unless, indeed, the process used for the reproduction of his work has belied him. Rome, even in rainy weather, is never the grey city Mr. Markino would have us believe it to be. Now and then after sunset a silvery tint falls for a few minutes over the domes and ruins of the Eternal City; but in daylight, especially when the sky is as blue as Mr. Markino represents it, the sunlight is vivid and golden almost to a tawny tinge. He gives us rather the colour of Venice than of Rome. There the atmospheric effects are often hazy and greyish, and the dazzling vividness of the white of the marble of the palaces and churches stands out in colder relief against the turquoise sky than does the yellow travertine of Rome, whose colour is positive to a degree verging on garishness; and, moreover, Mr. Markino fails utterly to produce the exceeding depth of the contrasting shadows, which are often quite black. In one or two of his sketches, however, he comes very near reproducing the glory of Roman colour—in the delightful sketch of Santa Maria in Araceli which forms the Frontispiece; in the rather confused "Tarpeian Rock"; and in the fine "Rag Fair and Cancellaria", which is full of life and colour and from the architectural point of view by far the best-drawn sketch in the book. Sometimes the excessive minuteness of the true Japanese artist, unconsciously faithful to the traditions of his country, returns to Mr. Markino with extraordinary persistence, as expressed in the drawing of San Giovanni e Paolo, which is so exact and precise, not a detail left out, as to produce the effect of a faded coloured photograph. The "Castle of Sant' Angelo" represents the fortress standing out against an indigo sky, as pale and cold as if it were Sterling or Windsor Castle on a wintry day. Admirable in every way is "S. Peter's: the Dome and the Fountain"; it seems also the best reproduced of any. As a rule Mr. Markino's architecture has a tendency to woolliness and the outline is not sharp enough for Italy. He is distinctly at his best in his night effects, and in his picture of "The Capitol of Victor Emmanuel" he touches, perhaps unintentionally, a keynote of keenest satire. The sketch is in sepia and represents a view by night of the colossal modern monument to Victor Emmanuel. But what strikes one most in the picture is a hoarding, affixed to the pilaster of an ancient Roman arch, representing enormous beer-bottles and clamorous calls to public attention to such-and-such brands of lager and brandy. It is a sordid, vulgar scene, its nastiness being intensified by a couple of outcasts making love in front of an osteria. Has Imperial and Papal Rome fallen to this?

Japanese art, to perfect itself, should move on Japanese lines, just as Italian art evolved itself from a pre-Raphaelitism of its own creation to the fuller and more accurate glory of the sixteenth century. It allowed itself to be influenced by none of the other art schools of the rest of the world, whose existence it ignored; and remained, until quite recently, absolutely original. So should be the art of Japan; and there is nothing more likely to cripple and numb its genius than an attempt to Europeanise it. As he stands, Mr. Yoshio Markino is only one admirable water-colour artist out of many. He seems to have lost his originality, not entirely, it is true, for here and there in these sketches there are evidences that it cannot be crushed. It is too strong to be muzzled, and bursts

* "The Colour of Rome: Historic, Personal, and Local." By Olave M. Potter. With Illustrations by Yoshio Markino, an Introduction by Douglas Sladen, and an Essay by the Artist. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 20s. net.

"Rome." By Edward Hutton. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by Maxwell Armfield and 12 other Illustrations. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

upon us when it is least expected. Only a Japanese artist would have dared to give us the exquisite sketch of the Quirinal in which the enormous palace of the Italian Kings is made subservient to the extraordinarily minute details of a half-demolished house, which fills up the greater part of the picture. This sketch is distinctly the most Japanese of any, and therefore the finest.

The text tells us nothing that the average student of Rome did not know before, but Miss Potter is eloquent and picturesque, and her learning is skilfully subdued by her grace of style. She knows her Rome thoroughly; she appreciates it and sees it with an artist's eye. Like most of us, she regrets the days which are gone, which probably, however, she never saw; but, unlike so many writers on modern Rome, she refuses to believe that the picturesque in it is utterly lost. She recognises that the uniforms of the Italian soldiers and the carriages of the Court of Italy add considerably to the animation which gives so much colour to Roman life. She loves the Madonnas that still linger at the corners of the streets of modern Rome and seem to wish you well as you stroll home through the sapphire twilight; and she has a keen eye for the ridiculous, and records with a sense of genuine humour that notorious English advertisement which intrudes into one of the most celebrated vistas in the world—"See Old England. Close to Trajan's Forum. Where all trams stop. Work your while". And this probably is that very Forum where Gregory saw the blue-eyed children of an "older England" who so filled him with compassion that he sent Augustine to draw all Albion into the Fold. Rome still draws all hearts towards it—even the heart of a Japanese artist, who, having recorded much that seemed to him to be most beautiful, thought he too could not leave without going to the Fountain of Trevi and casting in a tribute coin, with "the most earnest and faithful wish that before he dies he may return there again".

Mr. Hutton's book may be dismissed in a few words. It tells us very little that we did not know about Rome; but is charmingly if affectedly written, and is, as a whole, a good substitute for the average guide-book. He has very little sympathy for the capital of modern Italy, and his ink becomes as bitter as gall when he vehemently stigmatises those appalling "improvements" in which the modern Italians glory. Mr. Maxwell Armfield's twelve illustrations in colour may in the originals have been charming—they are certainly well selected and cleverly drawn—but the reproduction of them fails. They are pale and sickly and give but a very poor impression of that vigour of light and shade which is the charm of the Eternal City. His umbrella-pines in the Villa Borghese garden look like balls of coloured cotton-wool stuck upon sticks, and have nothing of the deep green, verging to black, which is the characteristic of the tree so beloved by Turner and so cleverly introduced by him into most of his Italian landscapes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRUSSELS AND ITS KING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

61 Belgrave Road S.W.

19 January 1910.

SIR,—I sympathised warmly with your article last month which enumerated all the good qualities of the new King of the Belgians, and held out high hopes of Belgium's future. But would it be unduly pessimistic to suggest that stern work has to be done—work of a kind which requires vehement resolution, a high sense of morality, and brutal retribution—before Belgium is received once more among the civilised countries of Europe? And there is not yet the slightest sign on the part of anyone connected with the country of the

remotest intention to begin this work. On the contrary, King Albert has just informed the Minister of the Colonies that he will devote a large part of the annuities which, under the (Congo) Act of Annexation, are at his disposal, to a pension fund for ex-officials of the Congo—persons to whom in any civilised country the gallows would be holding out inviting arms.

At the death of King Leopold II. his Majesty was the proud ruler of the worst two cities of Europe—Ostend, a vulgar gambling hell, concerning which the English Foreign Office would have been compelled to take some steps if they had not been hopefully anticipating the death of its principal supporter; and Brussels, the recognised centre of some of the most hideous forms of immorality in the world. Even the English nation, slow to believe any ill of its neighbours, and recklessly conservative as to its children's education, had begun to realise that the cheap Belgian schools to which its youth had gone for the past fifty years in search of French and German irregular verbs were no longer possible places for decent-minded children; nor had their prospect of a new lease of life been improved by their proprietors' playful habit of taking in ordinary casual grown-up boarders, male and female, to supplement the defective school numbers. Several persons intimately acquainted with Brussels and its neighbourhood—in my more cheerful moments I fancy myself to be of their number—were successful in persuading English parents to believe that it would answer the same purpose, and would be much more amusing for everyone concerned, if they sent their daughters to a pension in Montmartre, with orders to the proprietor to take the children round the local music-halls.

Now we have an apparent end to this régime in Belgium, and the SATURDAY REVIEW very rightly makes the best of the chance of reform. But would accusations of "croaking" be brought against myself and other warning voices if we suggested that a horribly besmirched country like Belgium requires more than a gentle, dilatory, invisible broom to sweep it clean?

I have explained fluently in print and in private to a good many parents during the past ten years that a criminal lunatic asylum was the proper place for any man or woman who proposed to send or take a child to Belgium for educational purposes; and a hundred other more widely accepted authorities have preached the same sermon. Are we wrong in waiting for some extremely obvious and tangible signs of reform before relaxing our protests? Within the next few weeks there will be a question how far the English Government and the English mercantile and social worlds are to patronise the Brussels Exhibition. Are we wrong in asking beforehand for some intimation that the main gateway to the exhibition will not be handed over to Monsieur Marquet and his impudent satellites and touts, to be run as a doubtfully honest gambling hell? The rascalities of the Congo administration had reached a point at the end of last year when the English nation had intimated to Sir Edward Grey that he had got to interfere, whatever the consequences. How much more time are we to give to the new ruler of Belgium before conveying this decision to him, with a hint that our patronage of the Brussels Exhibition depends on his answer?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDWARD H. COOPER.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1 Priory Gardens, Bedford Park W.

18 January 1910.

SIR,—I regret that my incoherence has caused Mr. Edward Cooper to mistake the intention of my letter, which was certainly not to adopt his statements as my own, or to extend his criticism of story-books to my criticism of picture-books.

I am quite aware that the modern picture-book is "artistic", and that to disagree with the popular belief that it "could hardly be improved" is accounted heresy, or, as Mr. Cooper pleasantly has it, lunacy. But are not the story-books about which Mr. Cooper was writing considered excellent too by the general? And if these prove "sodden rot" to twelve-years-old, is it not conceivable that the art gift-book which satisfies and delights the grown-up giver, may be found, on investigation, less satisfactory by five or seven-years-old?

If books be well written, illustrated, and produced, so very much the better it is for the children; but clearly the nursery verdict is independent of these considerations. Exactly what it is in a book that wins popularity and devotion eludes definition. But one essential is that it be made directly and deliberately for children by one who knows and understands them. The idea of producing a clever, artistic, or saleable volume should not enter into it first or last. Whether the "édition de luxe" or the cheap toy-books fulfil these fairly obvious conditions is at least open to question. The toy-book generally contains clever drawings in colour, and the gay cover boasts a familiar signature. But can anyone read the sorry stuff which is made up for the illustrations, without admitting that the toy-book, as a whole, is inadequate for the twentieth-century child?

Notwithstanding Mr. Edward Cooper's contemptuous smiles, I maintain my opinion that a normal child from five, to seven or eight, *does* "like anything, up to a point, and for a time". The critical faculty is not uppermost then; every new book is received with touching good faith and studied. And it is (for one thing) the idea of small people spelling out this feeble rubbish written to order, with its false sentiment, vile grammar, and cockney rhymes, that makes me say the toy-book has "fallen on evil days".

The Nursery Classics, of course, do not come into this at all, though even they are often mangled into the fearsome jargon which is meekly accepted as "suitable for children". Still, excepting these, it is possible to go through a dozen of the usual toy-books, taken haphazard, without finding one rhyme worth remembering, one story worth a second reading. Children who have better fare soon and surely reject this poor stuff. After all, when you have "The Pelican Chorus", say, or "The Garden of Verses" to fall back on, what does a stupid toy-book, more or less, matter? But there are children who have little or nothing else. What about their case? To quote Mr. Cooper's words, is there not at least "danger of considerable damage to youthful literary taste"?

But perhaps Mr. Cooper can cheerfully accept the usual idea that what is written in the "mere picture-book" for babes is of no consequence one way or the other, and that "the riotous wit of 'Buster Brown'" meets every need of the very small person whose case I am considering.

Luckily for the small person, there are sceptics who do not hold this easy belief. Luckily there are books made by artists—rhymes, stories, pictures, cover and all; likewise books made by those who are not artists in the conventional sense—rhymes, stories, pictures, cover and all; desirable and delightful books which are safe for all time with the children, and need no other appreciation. Pity that such are the exceptions.

On looking back to Mr. Cooper's letter of the 15th, I find that "probably"—which in my letter of the 8th referred exclusively to Mr. Cooper's criticism of children's books, and to a section of the public—is translated by him into "the affable certainty that no one reads anything I write". But I suppose the "mark" of a "lunatic asylum" so impressed itself on Mr. Cooper when he glanced at my letter that his understanding may have been temporarily obscured. Nevertheless, there was method in my madness. A year or two ago I read in the "Westminster Gazette" an article by Mr. Cooper on the same subject—children's books; and seeing that the same points come up again in his article of 25 December 1909, apparently undiminished and as sharp as ever, was it quite unreasonable to

suppose that "probably" they had not been widely read, or at all events had not been read with sufficient attention?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ff. A. WOLFE.

THE BANKING QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 January 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Meulen writes in your issue of the 15th inst. that I "would regulate credit issues by the price of wheat". It is therefore important to understand that the credit issues of to-day are credit issues in two totally different ways, if it is to be known how far he conveys a correct impression of what I advocate.

Our currency consists of vast cheque issues (bankers' currency, i.e. phantom currency) based on a minute quantity of gold (real currency). The right to issue these cheques is one form of credit issue, because credit is given to the banker by his customer for gold, which in the main does not exist. When the banker advances to a customer, the credit issue is of a different nature, as he gives credit to his customer for something really lent to him—namely, bankers' currency. The fact that it is not real currency which has been lent, does not affect the present argument.

My last letter did not go enough into detail, and I must explain that after the Government had undertaken the issue of currency which was real (although valueless in itself), they would have to establish State non-trading savings banks, where such real currency would be held at the disposal of the depositors until withdrawn for investment in order to earn interest or profits. Such issues of currency would not in one sense be credit issues at all, as they would be issues of real money, always available when the depositors to whom they belonged demanded them from the State bank.

To prevent the price of wheat from falling, as it would tend to do when supplies were normal, it is estimated the Government would have to issue annually about forty millions of additional currency to the country, to meet the increase in population, withdrawal of currency from circulation, etc. But it would be issued in payment of work done, services rendered, goods supplied, etc., and I think Mr. Meulen will agree it would be in no sense what he would understand as "a credit issue", and therefore he will further see that my proposal is not to "regulate credit issues by the price of wheat". These would be regulated by the demand made on depositors in the State banks for the loan of their deposits, and would increase with growing "prosperity in machine production", but without affecting the price of wheat in any way whatever. The function of present-day bankers, who would have ceased to exist as such, would be to act as "money brokers" between those owning deposits of currency and those desiring to borrow them.

The price of wheat would be regulated automatically by merchants in their endeavour to earn profits, in so far as a rise in price was concerned, because as prices rose they would earn larger profits by trading in wheat than in commodities. So long, then, as the Government did their part to prevent the price of food from falling when supplies were normal, there would be no lack of credit issues for traders, because if such lack existed it would imply a scarcity of currency to make the necessary exchanges between food and commodities, labour services, etc. This scarcity would necessitate additional expenditure of fresh currency issues by the Government, which would be additional revenue obtained without taxation.

I hope Mr. Meulen will now see why competition in banking would not be necessary, because trading banks would have ceased to exist, and there would be ever-increasing competition between holders of deposits to lend them in order that they might earn something by doing so, and the "cheap, flexible, yet stable credit system" he desires would be absolutely achieved.

If now your readers and the writer of the article "Land Policies, Liberal and Unionist" will turn to my letter on "Small Holdings", in your issue of 6 November, they will, I hope, begin to see the effect a State-regulated currency issued on the above lines, would have on the tenure of agricultural land in this country, because it would open up an alternative to State tenancies and ownership alike. To develop this point further would be to unduly lengthen this letter; but I cannot refrain from concluding with the following extracts from Phipson's "Redemption of Labour" to show the writer of the article some of the fatal objections which exist to a peasant proprietary such as he is apparently in favour of.

"The recognition of the true nature of rent would free the land . . . from that curse of absolute ownership—the usurer's bond. Possessed of a supposed power to pledge the soil itself, vicissitudes of season . . . never fail to drive the distressed owner . . . into the clutches of the money-lender. The experience of every country where land ownership prevails . . . proclaims usury to be the certain as it is the surest evil of such a tenure . . . Thicker than the landlord's loins is found the little finger of the usurer. . . .

"When this ownership is by the peasant, enormous sums often, and considerable sums always, have to be given to effect a change in occupiers. This obligation necessarily prohibits the approach of labour alone to land, save at such wages as the proprietor will pay. . . .

"Wherever this tenure—i.e. peasant proprietary—prevails, labour without wealth is more hopelessly and completely shut out from the free production of its own food, than it is under almost any other system."

Contrast this with the terms of fixity of tenure, fixity of rent, right to sublet at a profit rental (giving similar fixity in turn) and right to throw up the holding, which will be granted by the Residential Small Holdings Company, Limited, and I think no thoughtful man will long hesitate which ought to be striven for. But for landlords generally to be able to issue leases on the same terms as the company is about to do, will necessitate the adoption of the currency reforms I have outlined.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHELA.

"J. F. R." ON ELGAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 January 1910.

SIR,—Because I am one of those who hold that the present promising state of English music is largely due to the past writings of Mr. John F. Runciman I have been all the more sorry to find him among the reactionaries in regard to Sir Edward Elgar. True, he is gradually coming round: his recent notice of the "Cockaigne" Overture in your Review is much warmer in tone than that disappointing critique of "Gerontius" after a performance at Westminster a few years ago. Still "J. F. R." nowadays seems to be leaning towards the old fallacy that because music is popular it is necessarily bad—which is simply an inverted argument much prized by the Academicals for the saving of their own faces.

Cannot Mr. Runciman see that Elgar is welcomed for possessing just those human qualities which "J. F. R." himself has always found so remarkably lacking from English music as by law established? That is why some of us look on Elgar as the one for whom we have been waiting so long, and for whom "J. F. R." as much as anyone else has prepared the primrose path.

It will be a pity if, after Mr. Runciman has led us so long, we have at last to lead him!

Yours etc.,

Cecil Barber.

REVIEWS.

ROWLANDS AND STANLEY.

"The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley G.C.B." Edited by his Wife, Dorothy Stanley. London: Sampson Low. 1909. 21s. net.

FEW Englishmen attempt to judge the Celtic nationalities of the British Isles by the remarkable men whom they have produced. It is axiomatic that a distinguished Kelt is what naturalists call a "sport". But, on cross-examination, it is generally to be found that the "typical" Irishman or Highlander or Welshman is a character in a book or a play, and that the real live individual Kelt is something very different. No doubt the "typical" Englishman is equally a literary creation, equally unlike either the distinguished man or the average voter. But he has been created by Englishmen for Englishmen with a view to edification, whereas the typical Kelt has been invented by Englishmen either in the spirit of pharisaism or in that of conscious satire.

No one could well be more unlike the conventional Welshman than was John Rowlands, who rose to fame as Henry M. Stanley. Yet in many ways he was intensely un-English. Can it be that the conventional ideas are absurdly wrong? Stanley himself, it is true, felt little sympathy for Wales, and when he came into politics was strongly opposed to sentimental nationalism or particularism. But, mentally, Stanley was mainly an American product, and the United States is a huge mincing machine which makes short work of the national traits of its immigrants. Further, John Rowlands had no reason to love his native land. Deserted as a child by his mother, he was sent to a Welsh workhouse, where he was treated with stupidity and brutality. His autobiography enters very fully into these early days, and, vividly as childhood's experiences impress themselves on the mind, it is a little surprising to find the close detail in which, near the end of his life, he was able to describe his old surroundings.

This autobiography is a strange and interesting human document. Its author was determined to show the world that he was, at heart, quite other than the man whom most people took him to be. Stanley, as he sees himself, went through life looking for sympathy, craving love, until, rebuffed and disillusioned, he withdrew into himself. He sees himself as sent into the world for a special purpose, and his thoughts were ever returning to the contemplation of religion. It is, in places, a remarkably naive document, and the thought suggests itself that its writer was in some ways mentally akin to those Boers whom he disliked. There is about it all a Cromwellian, or at least a seventeenth-century Puritan, atmosphere. Of course it is easy to dismiss this kind of thing as merely sanctimonious, but we are not sure that the critic would be anywhere near the truth in so doing. When a man has made his way to success from obscurity, in the face of great handicaps, by a life of action in which he appeared to many impartial judges to be somewhat wanting in the finer scruples and markedly prone to what may without offence be called cantankerousness, it invites reflection that he should wish to be remembered as primarily a religious man. Of course he knew that he was regarded as "pushing" and accused of being brutal, and thus the self-drawn portrait may have been a reasoned apologia of a paradoxical kind. But we incline to think that the book, at any rate, shows us the kind of man that the writer wished to be. And few of his contemporaries guessed that his aspirations took that particular tinge.

The autobiography stops in 1862, and from that point Lady Stanley (who has performed her task well) carries the story on to the end by means of her husband's letters and stray journals. His African career is so well known that we need not dwell upon its events. Stanley added enormously to geographical knowledge, he made the Congo State possible, and he did more than any other man to open Uganda to European civilisation, though we have heard that his name is not held in very great affection by the natives. His association with King Leopold was a strange episode, but the ex-

plorer has no responsibility for those features in the Congo administration which have provoked most criticism. Whether he had statesmanlike ideas is more than doubtful. He gauged the South African situation some twelve years ago with fair accuracy in a rough-and-ready way, but when he entered upon controversial writing against such champions of Boer claims as Mr. Melius de Villiers, the Free State Chief Justice, he made but a poor case. For there was much more to be said than that a great Power found a small one very much in its way.

John Rowlands went to America as a ship's boy, left his ship at New Orleans, nearly starved, and at last found a protector in a Mr. Henry Stanley, an ex-minister of religion who had become a merchant. Mr. Stanley adopted the boy as his son, educated him to some degree, provided him with a commercial training, and bestowed upon him his own name. The boy seems to have quarrelled with most people, but his gratitude to his benefactor is whole-hearted. After some experience—graphically described—of the very remarkable life of Arkansas, young Stanley, as he now called himself, enlisted in the Confederate Army at the outbreak of the Civil War. During the war his benefactor died. The young man was taken prisoner by the Federals and suffered greatly from the abominable mismanagement at Camp Douglas (about which some of our pro-Boers ought to read if they want to know how the admirable Americans treated prisoners of war). Things were so uncomfortable that the young man obtained release by enlisting in the Federal Army. He is quite frank about the absence of any change in his views, but most remarkably unconscious that his action was the most discreditable which any soldier can commit. It does not seem to have occurred to him that he would have been hanged had he fallen into the hands of the Confederates, and still less that he richly deserved to be hanged. Later on we find him serving in the Federal Navy against his old comrades. Here he found his first opportunity for descriptive journalism, and the sailor became a war correspondent. After the war he was employed by New York papers as a travelling correspondent in Europe and Asia, and at last, as we all know, was sent to find Livingstone. Whatever his defects, he had genuine reason to complain that responsible people assumed and declared him to be a liar when he reported what he really had done in Africa. The experience further embittered a disposition which was not conciliatory. Into the later part of the story we need not enter. It is a disputed point whether his methods with natives of Africa were the right ones, but it is certain that, when placed in official command, he did not understand how to handle English gentlemen. He achieved his ambition of sitting in the English House of Commons, and found that Assembly unbusinesslike and unpractical. Before this he had experienced a meeting with Mr. Gladstone, who must either have disliked his new acquaintance very much (a possibility which did not suggest itself to Stanley) or have been in a most irritating vein of childish pedantry. Lady Stanley maintains that her husband ought to have been buried in Westminster Abbey. We do not agree, but we can sympathise with her indignation that one who had proved himself a man of immense service in many lands and had profoundly influenced the history of a continent should have been deemed less worthy of the Abbey than a London actor.

STREET-CORNER RATIONALISM.

"Myth, Magic and Morals: a Study of Christian Origins." By Fred. Cornwallis Conybeare. Issued for the Rationalist Press Association Ltd. London: Watts. 1909. 4s. 6d. net.

MR. CONYBEARE has produced an offensive—we use the word deliberately—and second-rate work. His purpose is to examine the early history of Christianity in order to show both its unhistorical character and its moral inadequacy. He begins by stating that he has tried to carry on the investigation in a simple and straightforward manner, without ambiguity, without

sarcasm or mockery. The way in which he carries out this purpose may be seen by the following quotation with which he concludes: "There is too often a want of candour about the discourses and works of our orthodox English clergy which leaves on our minds a disagreeable impression. They ought to write as scholars and men of learning, but their tone is that of apologists. They lack thoroughness and sincerity, and are for ever pulling up their horses just as they seem about to leap. The result is that, instead of clearing their fences, they are left floundering in the muddy ditch of deanery and prebend. When Anglican bishops meet together in council they talk and write as if religious life was impossible unless it be based on a quiet but wholesale suppression of truth". . . . "Theologians", he tells us, are persons who "chatter from their chains" (quoting Mommsen); and he goes on: "And the chains are quite imaginary, for such a reign of terror as the present reactionary Pope has created in the Catholic Church is inconceivable in the Anglican. I used to know a dog over whose head his master needed only to make a few passes, as if he were tying him up to a fence, and nothing, not even his master's call, could induce him to move. He believed he was tied up, without being so. The docility of those who at ordination pledge themselves to a number of propositions which had a meaning and application four hundred years ago, but have lost it now, is only to be paralleled by this example of canine scholasticism".

The tone which is represented by these extracts is obvious in other portions of the work. For instance, the revisers are said to be guilty of pious frauds because their translation of a passage differs from Mr. Conybeare's. As far as we can see, there is considerable reason for thinking the revisers are correct. The real fact is that Mr. Conybeare is one of those persons whose mental conditions are such that they never believe in the honesty of anyone who differs from themselves, and consequently he does not scruple to bring general charges of dishonesty against a number of scholars and divines who are not only as honest as he is, but also much more competent to deal with the questions before him.

When we come to examine his methods of argument we find that there is no ability or knowledge which in any way justifies Mr. Conybeare's superior attitude. His work consists of a farrago of selections from various German writers, dragged in always because they are capable of being turned against Christianity, without any reference either to their authority or their general acceptance or their consistency with one another.

Mr. Conybeare begins by reproducing Wrede's theory about the Pauline origin of traditional Christianity. It is put before us as certain. He does not know—he certainly does not care to tell us—that this theory is not accepted at all widely—in fact, has been definitely rejected by leading writers since Wrede's time. He then goes on to examine the structure and literary history of the Synoptic Gospels. The theory that he puts forward is largely accepted, and he uses it as if it was detrimental to Christianity. He does not seem to be aware that it is taught probably to the vast majority of ordination candidates—certainly by almost every teacher of the New Testament in the Church of England with whom we are personally acquainted. The relation of the Gospels to one another is clearly explained, without, of course, the innuendos and obvious bias that disfigure this work. It is pointed out habitually to theological students that there are differences in the various accounts; it is also pointed out, and quite rightly, that these differences do not interfere with the fact that the picture of our Lord is the same in all the different sources or compilations from which our knowledge about Him comes. S. Matthew or S. Luke may smooth down, in a manner perfectly natural, many of the harsher and cruder statements of S. Mark; but no one can doubt that S. Mark's conception of our Lord is substantially the same as that of either of the others. Again, Professor Harnack's reconstruction of the Matthean Logia is given as if it was something proved instead of being the very doubtful speculation of the writer.

When it comes to dealing with such questions as miracles we find that Mr. Conybeare has two ways of doing it. In one place he calls S. Mark a miracle-monger or something to that effect. Elsewhere he tells us that our Lord was no doubt a successful exorcist and faith-healer. He must make up his mind which of the two theories he is going to run. Are we to believe that the miracles worked by our Lord were in no real sense miracles? Or was it that they were invented by the writers of the Gospels? And if the former, how do the miracles interfere with the credibility of the writings?

Another line of argument which Mr. Conybeare uses is that from anthropology. When he comes to deal with the Eucharist he ascribes to S. Paul all the crude, half-savage ideas which surrounded sacrifice in its origin. S. Paul was influenced by fetichism. He believed that the partaking of blood would give strength—his ideas are those of savage races. Now Mr. Conybeare is, of course, dealing with some modern theories as to the origin of sacrifice. Probably he will be surprised to learn that these theories are taught to the clergy whom he denounces as so ignorant; but they are also taught—what is quite obvious to any unprejudiced reader—that these ideas had become spiritual in their interpretation long before S. Paul's time. S. Paul no doubt uses the language—the inherited language—of sacrifice; but his conceptions are not material. In the days of human childhood the ideas had been material. This is just one of those cases where Mr. Conybeare's prejudice blinds him to the reality. He does not seem to see that this line of argument proves quite clearly that the religious conceptions of those who believe in the Sacraments at the present day were present in the mind of S. Paul as of the early Church. They had just the feeling about sacrifice necessary for Eucharistic belief, and therefore modern Zwinglian interpretations are entirely anachronistic.

If we were to try to test the scientific value of the ideas which Mr. Conybeare collects together we might consider his treatment of textual criticism. Textual criticism has been reduced to a science. Mr. Conybeare's method of dealing with it is quite different. Any various reading which happens to suit his particular purpose is accepted, whatever may be the weight of authority in its favour. He wishes us to omit the *Doxology* at the end of S. Matthew, although it is not omitted in a single manuscript. He tells us that Eusebius did not know of it because he occasionally quotes the verse without the baptismal formula. As a matter of fact, Eusebius omitted the words in some cases because they were not necessary to his purpose, and therefore there is no point in this argument. The only reason for doubting them is that Mr. Conybeare wishes to get rid of them from the Gospel.

We might illustrate further, but we have probably given enough to show both Mr. Conybeare's tone and also his methods. We would put one question to him: Does he think that he explains how Christianity grew up? If a mixture of imposture, fraud and imbecility, of barbarous ideas and unreal moral teaching, was the source of Christianity, how did it become the power it is in the world? How is it that people have obtained such spiritual help from the Christian writings? These are questions which no critic like Mr. Conybeare ever seems to realise. You cannot account for Christianity by either imposture or feeble fanaticism.

One word more. Mr. Conybeare is a member of a newly created body—the British Academy. That society is not responsible for the theological opinions of its members, and every one is free to hold what he likes. We may presume, as they have elected him a member of their number, that they are of opinion that his scholarly qualifications are adequate. One thing, we think, they are concerned with, and that is the taste of their members; and we would seriously ask whether the language we have quoted about the Anglican clergy is, either in its mode of expression or in its contents, in any way fitted for a work published by a member of that august body. This book is not the work of a scholar or a gentleman.

A WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

"Sikhim and Bhutan: Twenty-one Years on the North-East Frontier." By J. Claude White. London: Arnold. 1909. 21s. net.

TWENTY-TWO years ago the Government of India tried a daring experiment in appointing Mr. J. C. White as Political Officer to administer the frontier State of Sikhim at a time when the reigning sovereign was temporarily deposed and when the country was utterly disorganised. There was none of the machinery of government, no revenue system, no court of justice, no police; there were no public works, no roads or bridges; the people were few and poor, and there was very little cultivation and no trade. The Raja's wants were supplied by forced contributions levied on his richer subjects, and the money wrung from them only amounted to some five hundred pounds a year. The country was almost unknown to Europeans, a tangle of wild mountains and deep forest-clad valleys, and the new Political Officer was a civil engineer with little or no previous training as an administrator. The outlook was not a bright one, but the choice of the Indian Government has since been amply justified. Within ten years the revenue was raised to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, roads were made and rivers bridged throughout the country, an efficient police force was maintained and justice properly administered, agriculture was encouraged and cultivation largely extended, while various industries such as weaving and carpet-making were introduced. Sikhim to-day is a well-governed and prosperous little State, and forms a striking example of what a British officer of the right stamp can do when given a tolerably free hand in the management of native affairs and time to carry out his ideas.

One of Mr. White's earliest tasks was building himself a house; no easy matter, as he had to clear a site in the midst of a primeval forest, fell trees for timber, quarry stone for building, and personally superintend every part of the work, which was occasionally interrupted by earthquakes, storms and floods of rain. The result, however, was the present Residency at Gangtok, and all who have been lucky enough to visit this delightful house with its beautiful grounds and gardens will agree that Mr. White's enthusiastic description of his mountain home is in no way overdrawn. Of all regions on earth Sikhim is perhaps the loveliest. The heavy rainfall and fertile soil make the vegetation extraordinarily luxuriant, and the climate ranges from the Arctic to the sub-tropical. The open grass hills which skirt the snows are covered with exquisite wild flowers, and between them and the forests lie belts of dwarf rhododendron worth taking a long journey to see when in flower. In the upper valleys magnolia, maple and fruits such as raspberries and currants grow side by side with spruce, larch, birch and other northern trees. Wonderful orchids, lilies and cannas flower in the steamy depths of the lower ravines, amid masses of tree-ferns and feathery bamboos, while every glen has its tiny torrent-stream, leaping from crag to crag in a succession of cataracts, or throwing a veil of silver lace over the face of an ugly precipice, and countless butterflies swarm in every sunlit clearing.

Of this country, its interesting people, and his twenty-one years of unremitting hard work Mr. White gives us all too brief an account, scarcely realising, perhaps, how attractive the story of a career like his can be, not only to the few who have seen the country he saved from ruin and have watched him at work, but to the many who can admire a life spent in unselfish endeavour to elevate and improve a primitive people and to make them feel that the representative of British Government was not a far-away foreign Power, but a real personal friend who loved the land and those who lived in it. More than half the book is devoted to the author's missions to Bhutan, that little-known and much-misunderstood State which lies between Sikhim, Tibet, and Assam. Here again Mr. White's personal influence has been largely effective in reconstructing

the friendly relations which Warren Hastings established and which had wholly disappeared for nearly seventy years. Bhutan, in ancient days a dependency of Tibet, and therefore a vassal of China, is less rugged than Sikhim, not so rainy, and more cultivated. The people are physically the finest race in the Eastern Himalaya, and in arts and crafts—steel, silver, copper, bronze and brass work, embroidery, silk-weaving, wood-carving, mat- and basket-making—are far ahead of their neighbours. Under the newly installed Hereditary Maharaja there is every hope of the country becoming prosperous and comparatively wealthy, and Mr. White appeals strongly to the Government of India to support and foster the State, until recent years torn to pieces by civil wars and anarchy, and to help the new chieftain, a man of enlightenment and strong character, to develop his country, and more especially to save it from drifting again into the power of China.

Mr. White's retirement from the public service is too recent to permit him to speak freely on political matters, but it is easy to see his keen distress at the action of the English Government in renouncing all the advantages gained by the Tibet Mission of 1904. This action re-established the practically defunct suzerainty of China over Tibet, and left the people of Southern Tibet and Chumbi, who had made friends with and assisted the British, to the tender mercies of the Chinese. What these were may be guessed from the treatment of the Sinchen Lama, the noble Pala family and the Shapes of Lhasa, slain or banished for their friendship to the British, while their adherents were mutilated and tortured. China is now very active on the frontier of Bhutan, and, without some practical help and support from India, Bhutan may be thrown, against her will, back into the hands of the Chinese, whose influence along the Duars would be most undesirable. Honour and expediency alike demand that we should uphold our old and loyal friend, Maharaja Sir Ugyen Wangchuk K.C.I.E., and guarantee his freedom and that of his people.

The book is illustrated by many excellent photographs and photogravures, which give a vivid idea of the scenery of both countries and of the picturesque people who inhabit them. Arts and industries have a chapter to themselves, with illustrations from Mr. White's unique collection; and the Laws of Sikhim and Bhutan, which are given in two appendices, are interesting and often very amusing, as the law-giver's views on many matters are distinctly original. Some of the punishments might with advantage be introduced into this country, such as the penalties incurred by "those who give bad advice", "those who abuse their betters", and "those who make mischief".

MEDELISM.

"Mendel's Principles of Heredity." By W. Bateson.
Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 12s. net.

MR. WILLIAM BATESON, sometime Professor of Biology in the University of Cambridge, sets forth the large pretensions of the Mendelians with a blustering assurance. "With the year 1900", he writes, "a new era begins. In the spring of that year there appeared, within a few weeks of each other, the three papers of De Vries, Correns, and Tschermak, giving the substance of Mendel's long-forgotten treatise." He explains that before 1859 the experimental study of the species problem was in full activity, but that with the appearance of the "Darwinian writings" "curiosity as to the significance of specific differences was satisfied". An "earnest senior" warned Mr. Bateson that it was "waste of time to study variation, for Darwin had swept the field". This interesting personal reminiscence is a curious comment on Cambridge zoology in the early 'eighties, but almost fades away in the glare of the perversely audacious contrast drawn between the "Darwinian writings" and "experimental investigation of the species problem". Lower down in the

volume now before us, however, Mr. Bateson surpasses even this utterance. In a short pronouncement (page 289) on the bearing of Mendelism on Darwin's work he gravely makes the comment that "the scope of natural selection is closely limited by the laws of variation". It would be tedious, and it is unnecessary, to explain at length what Mr. Bateson himself and everyone who has ever read Darwin know thoroughly well, that Darwin continued to urge and to act on this elementary proposition throughout the whole of his work. After these luxuriances of misdescription it is smaller beer to note that in the dark days between 1859 and 1900 Mr. Bateson finds that little or nothing was done. Weismann "deserves mention" for useful work "of a negative character"; an "honourable place" "must be accorded to De Vries"; there is "admittedly a statistical accord between Galton's theory and some facts of heredity". Of the "so-called investigations of heredity" promoted by Professor Pearson, the late Professor Weldon and others "it is scarcely necessary to speak".

Here indeed is science abounding. But the perverse vanity that so misreads a period which was a luxuriant efflorescence of discovery of facts and methods, and that libels with silly phrases a great army of successful workers, must not be allowed to distract us from the real promise and performance of the investigations with which it is associated. High talents are not always dowered with sense and modesty, and from the days of the Italian Renaissance many ardent doctors have tipped their controversial weapons with venom, and have loved to represent themselves as isolated protagonists of the truth in a world of wicked error. The Mendelians are neither underivative nor unconditioned; like ordinary mortals, they are borrowers and lenders, trafficking in the work of their fellows; and it is quite probable that they mistake the buzzing in their own hive for the cosmic music of the spheres. But there is no doubt that the theory of Mendel has been a most fertile stimulant under the influence of which a vast amount of beautiful experimental work is being done, and that, apart from the morbid psychological factor on which we have commented, Mr. Bateson's book gives a lucid and compelling account of a most intricate subject.

In considering the relations between the qualities or characters appearing in parents and offspring Mendel showed the value of selecting alternative pairs. A seed might be round or wrinkled; a plant might be tall or dwarfed; a colour or other quality might be present or absent. The existence of such alternative units is fundamental to the new method of investigation. In some cases they are easy to detect; in others they have been isolated only after experimental analysis of great ingenuity and beauty; in others, again—and this unfortunately has so far been the case with most of the characters of animals—they remain undetected, and may be too subtle to be distinguished from the fluctuations induced in all organisms by the direct play of the environment. Mendel crossed two individuals selected because they exhibited each one character of the alternative pair he proposed to investigate. The first generation, which he called hybrids with regard to the pair of alternatives, was for him merely the starting-point of his experiment, and the full recognition of this is possibly his greatest practical contribution to biology. Breeders of plants had found experimentally that even although such a first hybrid generation appeared uninteresting, it was worth while proceeding further; breeders of animals either gave up if there were no promise, or crossed back the hybrid with the parents. Mendel, however, proceeded to interbreed the hybrids of the first generation. Horticulturists were accustomed to the huge display of varieties often obtained in this second generation; they spoke of the process as a "breaking of the constitution" by hybridisation, and proceeded to attempt to fix any of the varieties that attracted them. Mendel, however, went on to work out statistically the appearance of the characters of his pair in subsequent generations by self-fertilising and keeping separate the stock of each individual plant obtained in the second and subsequent generations. He found that it frequently happened that one of the pair of

characters appeared, roughly, three times as often in the second generation as the other character, and he denoted the former member of the pair as dominant, the latter as recessive. However long the individuals that were recessive were bred, they never again gave rise to the dominant character. On the other hand, subsequent breeding of the dominants showed that, out of every three, one was a pure dominant and had lost the recessive character, whilst the other two were compound dominant-recessives.

For a considerable time Mendelian workers attached an extraordinary significance to this "dominance of the dominant", making it the corner-stone of their edifice. It was a favourite view that the phylogenetically older character was dominant, and it was only after much experiment and more controversy that they came to admit that Mendel's great distinction was, so to say, a physiological accident and not fundamental. In practice it is extremely important, as dominance disguises the real sequence of events; in theory it is now suggested that it merely happens to occur when the difference between the producers of the pair of characters is such that there is something present in the dominant and absent in the recessive. Green would be dominant to yellow, for instance, if the ferment, or whatever it may be that produces green, differs from the ferment that produces yellow by the presence of an extra substance.

Finally, Mendel suggested that the statistical results of the distribution of the characters of his pairs could best be explained on the supposition that, although the body of the hybrid generation contained each member of the pair, these members separated again in the germ-cells. A segregation was supposed to occur of such a kind that each germ-cell contained only one or other of the pair. Consequently when fertilisation, the union of two germ-cells, took place, if such occurred without any preferential mating there would result in the four fertilised cells from every eight germ-cells one pure dominant where a dominant germ fused with another dominant germ, one pure recessive where a recessive germ fused with another recessive germ, and two hybrids where dominant germs had fused with recessive germs.

It may be said at once that the Mendelians have not yet made even an approach to proving the purity of the germ-cells with regard to the characters that distinguish normal individual from individual and species from species, and indeed they admit that such characters are in most cases too subtle and complex for resolution into pairs which can be experimented with. The controversy, then, is in the happy position that neither side can convince or convict its opponents. On the other hand, the Mendelian theory is breathing enthusiasm into a number of extremely able biologists; experiments on the widest scale are being conducted with scrupulous care under the most rigorous conditions, and the results are being analysed with a patient integrity. The theories of the Mendelians may flash, fade and flicker like summer lightning, but no one who reads Mr. Bateson's book can doubt the high importance of the work in which he has taken so large a share.

AN OLD STORY.

"Garibaldi and the Thousand." By G. M. Trevelyan. London: Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Birth of Modern Italy." Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

WE confess to a growing sense of weariness of the oft-repeated tale of the birth of modern Italy. This may be due, partly, to an even more rapidly growing conviction that modern Italy is by no means an unqualified success morally, socially, or politically. But it is due more particularly to the iteration of the same anecdotes about the same people by many individuals, English or Italian, who chanced to meet them. We were long ago convinced that Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini were,

each in his own way, remarkable men, and that the conjunction of the first three, at all events, made the establishment of the kingdom of Italy possible. What is really wanting still is a critical and dispassionate study of Cavour and the King and their relation to the international history of their day. There is not, perhaps, much left to learn even on this matter for the student of European politics, but an accurate and readable history in English is to be desired. The tendency of writers on the Italian revolutions as of writers on the French revolution, until the arrival of Taine, is to treat the leaders as a kind of supermen who played their part in the midst of extraordinary circumstances. How little above the average some of them were was made abundantly clear by their subsequent careers.

Mr. Trevelyan writes so well that we welcome any fresh writings of his even on this well-worn theme. His book on Garibaldi's invasion of Sicily is the second of the trilogy in which he proposes to relate the active participation of his hero in the establishment of the Italian kingdom. A dispassionate study of Garibaldi as a man it is not, but the writer has spared no effort to give a fair and reasonable sketch of the events which made the invasion of Sicily successful. The manner in which the book is written leaves little to be desired. The author is less hampered than at one time by the almost inevitable influence of his great-uncle, and has acquired an historical style which it would be difficult to improve. Garibaldi is, of course, his hero, but he is fair both to Cavour and Victor Emmanuel. With all his faults, Garibaldi himself was deeply attached to the King, whatever policy his Ministers pursued, and was convinced throughout of his good faith—a conviction amply vindicated by all subsequent revelations. The effect of Mr. Trevelyan's work on every impartial observer must be to demonstrate that, while Garibaldi possessed a mighty power over men and was a great guerilla chief, he was yet helped by circumstances as was no leader of a forlorn hope before. At first sight his feats are well-nigh supernatural, but had it not been for the inconceivable ineptitude of his opponents he would never even have come within measurable distance of success. His Sicilian allies were practically useless; they ran away on the slightest provocation, and even when they showed courage they were incapable of sustained effort for two days running. So the result was that with less than a thousand men, hardly one of whom was decently armed, he induced (obliged is not the word) a Neapolitan army of twenty-four thousand regulars armed with rifles to evacuate Palermo.

The Neapolitan Admiral Acton could have blown Garibaldi's force to pieces while it was landing at Marsala. Mr. Trevelyan makes it clear that Acton was incapable of coming to a decision and was frightened by the presence of two English warships. He also once for all explodes the legend that the English commander actively assisted the landing. The British were there, quite legitimately, to protect the British colony at Marsala, and took no part at all in the proceedings of Garibaldi. It is true, however, that the presence of the British and the well-known and advertised sympathy of the British Government with the insurgents helped to paralyse the activity of the Neapolitan navy. This, however, is very little excuse for the incapacity of their admiral. At Calatafimi the Garibaldians showed the greatest courage, the Neapolitans also fought well, but had the enemy only attacked after defeating Pilo and his Sicilians, the raid would have been over before Garibaldi ever saw Palermo. The best part of the Neapolitan troops were the Bavarian mercenaries. They only returned to Palermo after the incompetent Lanza had made an armistice which in three days became a capitulation. Had hostilities been renewed they could have overwhelmed in a few hours the survivors of the thousand, who only had three hundred and ninety muskets left among them. A régime which resulted in such an administration as Ferdinand's and such incapacity as marked his military and naval officers certainly had no reason for surviving.

Mazzini is the hero of Mrs. Mario's memoirs, which have been edited by the Duke Litta Visconti Arese. They are, on the whole, disappointing, and contain the merest sketch of that lady's own experiences. The book might with more propriety have been entitled "Mazzini in England", but even then it contains little we did not know before. There is a great deal about the relations of Mazzini with the Carlyles, Stansfelds, etc., the opening of his letters and of the various abortive risings which preceded the Risorgimento, but the work only tends to show how little we have left to learn about these particular people. Mazzini's intimates could hardly be just to Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, but it is not to be wondered at that the Italian Government did not welcome the presence of an inveterate conspirator and enemy of monarchy in a country still seething with revolutionary excitement. This book contains neither impartial history nor interesting reminiscences throwing new light on remarkable people. In fact the Risorgimento is getting smothered beneath heaps of dull and unnecessary information. All the gossip about individuals worth knowing has already been made public.

Both these volumes contain some good portraits, and Mr. Trevelyan has had the good sense to insert maps, which make his story doubly interesting because easily intelligible.

NOVELS.

"The Education of Uncle Paul." By Algernon Blackwood. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

"I am Paul Rivers. I am a grown-up man. I am an official in a lumber company. I am forty-five. I have a beard. I am important and sedate." This "vigorous affirmation" was not called forth by Paul finding, after twenty years' absence from England, the heather and the gorse blooming together in April, but from the necessity for reminding himself that in associating with his sister's small children he must "adopt a distinct attitude, and, having carefully thought out the attitude he intended to adopt by way of disguise, buckle it on like armour and fasten it very securely to his large person". The reiterated insistence on this desire for a disguise on the part of a man who had remarkably little to conceal from anyone becomes so wearisome that a reader might easily be discouraged to discard the book before reaching the point where it is pierced, and the author and Uncle Paul are freed from the incubus of sustaining it. Thenceforward the book is of quite another quality, but the charm that it acquires is likely to be perplexing even to those readers to whom it appeals. Being by Mr. Blackwood it naturally deals with spiritual issues, but it is not easy always to determine exactly how he intends them to be understood. Paul and the children and the cats squeeze through the "Crack", despite Paul's stoutness, into "the Land between Yesterday and To-morrow"—the mystical haven where all lost and broken things eternally reconstruct themselves, where they shrink from the ghosts of broken crockery and gambol with the ghosts of dead puppies and horses. Apparently in some other land they watched the winds wake at the sun's coming, sing to him and pass "in a perfect deluge

(Continued on page 116.)

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of colour, as though a hundred sunsets had been let loose and were hunting wildly for the West to set in". From the top of the Ilex they watch the spirits of the deciduous trees escape in autumn from the leafless branches, and go south with the birds, "in a silent tempest; almost too delicate for words", till the night was "robed with the spirit hues of the dying year, rising rapidly in the sheets of their dim glory". And while wandering beyond the "Crack" alone, Paul finds a lovely girl in white with a veiled face—veiled, she tells him, by the body—with whom he wanders rapturously through the Land of Lost Things, where they dance and kiss and travel to the Islands of Delight. After some six months Paul goes back to America, and returns to England to find Nixie, the most dearly loved of his sister's children, dying. She dies, to his intense sorrow; but a few days after the funeral, slipping through the "Crack", he finds in his previously veiled companion Nixie herself—veiled no more, joyous, and childish still, and utterly devoted to him. That, however, is not the end, for Nixie comes back to him, outside the "Crack", visible only as a glimmer of light, diffusing merely the sense of a presence and of human intercourse; a presence within him rather than without, though by the light of her little torch he still thinks he can see her. The book is not complete, there is a visible uncertainty in its handling; one feels it to be but a sketch for something ampler and more secure. But it has a delightful delicacy of touch, and in its gropings to express obscurity it is often luminous. Many will understand it not at all; those who do understand will be grateful for it.

"The Gateway." By Harold Begbie. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Begbie's pseudo-theological romances are so earnest and so long that they invite criticism of the kind which we all pass on sermons which fail to interest. His latest hero is the child of a tramp, adopted by a benevolently narrow maiden lady, partly educated by a retired schoolmaster with a broad mind and a weakness for liquor, and much influenced by the local parvenu landholder. Peter Bell—we mean David Fiddian—springs into fairly normal manhood from the unnatural childhood due to his peculiar training, and the process is not explained. But David's metaphysical and ethical development is given us with an enthusiasm worthy of a more interesting hero. In two pages David and his rich bride transform their corner of England from a disreputable and apparently hopeless rural district into an abode of prosperous and self-respecting agriculturists. Now had Mr. Begbie given us two hundred pages about this reconstitution of English rural life and two about David's soul, instead of vice versa, his story might have been interesting.

CÉSAR FRANCK.

"César Franck." By Vincent d'Indy. Translated by Rosa Newmarch. London: Lane. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

Not only may greatness be thrust upon a man, but it may be thrust upon him for very quaint reasons. In music this has especially been the case. More than one composer has got a tremendous and gratuitous advertisement, and been raised to the very pinnacle of such fame as newspaper paragraphs give, simply because they were wanted as rivals to some other composer. Handel had his Piccini, as Gluck had also; and though Wagner has been dead more than a quarter of a century rivals for him are still being dragged out of their darkness. When we analyse the motives that induce some modern musicians to elevate César Franck, Wolf and Verdi, we find that the intention is less to glorify these minor composers than to depreciate Wagner. The thoroughly up-to-date musician, with his fretful care for his own individuality, cannot bear to hear it said that he is under Wagner's influence. So the up-to-date musician has cast round and found several small men whom he affects to set above Wagner. In England some of our noble Academies would have it Verdi was the greatest opera-writer, and "Falstaff" the greatest opera of the nineteenth century; but in France, where they do know the difference between a good opera and a bad one, the musicians would not make themselves ridiculous by so patent an affectation. They have chosen César Franck as their hero, and they tell us

that they esteem Franck's kind of music much more highly than they esteem Wagner's kind. They might be welcome to their opinion, but unfortunately there is a fair number of writers who are always hunting for a new man to write about, and in consequence minor musicians of the past, and even of the present, are being "discovered" at a prodigious rate.

These remarks are quite pertinent. Vincent d'Indy, a composer of some talent, is quite unoriginal; and the only music he has written which has any value is a barefaced imitation of Wagner. In this age it was the most natural thing in the world that Mr. d'Indy should resent being told he imitated Wagner, and cherishing this resentment it was inevitable that he should call attention to the marvels worked by the Belgian composer Franck. It was also inevitable that someone should translate his book into English. We believe that Mrs. Rosa Newmarch was sincere and serious in undertaking the work; but we wish she could have found some better way of occupying her time and her talents. César Franck is one of the least interesting of composers: he had neither individuality nor nationality. Born in Liège in 1822, he received his musical education in Paris: he settled in Paris early, and in 1870 became a naturalised Frenchman, and in 1890 he died in Paris. He was a church organist and wrote a quantity of organ music, also a quantity of orchestral music, an oratorio, two operas, a quantity of chamber music, and some songs. A most unobtrusive personage, and judging from all accounts a lovable personality, it seems very unlikely that he would be grateful for the part he is now compelled to play. Some wonderful gifts he had, but the creative gift was not amongst them. He was a dreamer, a mystic, but the quality of his dreams evaporated in the process of putting it into his music; his music is distinctly tenth-rate. That being so, he was the very man to make a hero of, for it is of the very essence of the modern musician's artifice that he never even pretends to admire a man whom at heart he does not believe to be much smaller than himself.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"A Century of Empire, 1801-1900." By Sir Herbert Maxwell Vol. I. London: Arnold. 1909. 14s. net.

Sir Herbert Maxwell is clearly not among those who regard a century as incomplete in itself. He finds that we reached a definite stage in development with the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, and started afresh with the accession of King Edward VII. For the early part of his story—the first volume brings us down to 1832—he has ample materials; how he will fare when he comes to deal with the history of our own times in the third volume, the third volume must show. If the work is kept at the level maintained in the opening it will be not merely a most useful addition to the records of the nineteenth century, but will be read widely for its vivacity of style and admirable method of presenting impressions and facts. The personal touches give a clear-cut idea of many men like Perceval who are little known, and the dignity of history is not forgotten, though we occasionally get such a phrase as "Now, of all the creatures on God's earth, there is none, not even a Spanish hidalgo, so proud or sensitive as a Whig peer". That the Reform Bill of 1832 was essential to the peace, the welfare and the general progress of the nation, Sir Herbert has no doubt. The hope and faith of reformers has been justified, he says, by the experience of two generations. "Yet some will still reflect that seventy-five years fill but a small space in the life of a nation, and that forces were released in 1832 whereof the ultimate effect lies beyond living ken. Quo tendis? is a question ever present to thoughtful minds, but the answer must remain on the knees of the gods until the time appointed." The Reform Bill got rid of a legislative sham, and it is a task of no mean importance to trace, as Sir Herbert Maxwell proposes to do, the development of Empire under increasingly democratic conditions.

"Britain for the Briton." By Sir William E. Cooper. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

"Economic and Fiscal Facts and Fallacies." By Sir Guilford Molesworth. London: Longmans. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

It would be a wholesome lesson to some people who cannot think for themselves, and to others who persist in thinking along unpractical lines, to study these books. To take them together would be the more useful, because their point of view is slightly different, but their conclusions are the same. Sir William Cooper is more particularly concerned with agriculture, though he has a great deal to say on other industrial problems; Sir Guilford Molesworth is more concerned with trade generally, though he devotes considerable attention also to agriculture. Both explode many of the false theories on which the country was induced to give up Protection and has

(Continued on page 118.)

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been induced to maintain the free-import system despite experience at home and abroad. The sacrifice of agriculture is to Sir William Cooper the most serious fact of all. It has left the British people, as Sir Guilford reminds us by a quotation from Gibbon, dependent, as were the Romans when land was allowed to go out of cultivation, "upon the accidents of the wind and the waves". England built up her gigantic fabric of commerce under Protection; other countries have followed her example and grown rich whilst she has been marking time, if not actually going back, under free imports. Some day British economists will marvel, as the foreigner more or less openly marvels to-day, that Great Britain has so long been blind to the facts on which Sir William Cooper and Sir Guilford Molesworth insist. It is difficult to believe that anyone could read these books and not see that our fiscal system is economic waste, a heavy handicap to British labour and British capital in competition with foreign rivals.

"Edmund Garrett." By E. T. Cook. London: Arnold. 1909. 10s. 6d.

"The Life of Sir Sydney H. Waterlow." By George Smalley. London: Arnold. 1909. 10s. 6d.

It is not the accident of Mr. Arnold being the publisher of both these books, and still less any resemblance between the careers of these two biographical studies, that suggests our putting them together in one notice. Two lives could hardly be more dissimilar externally than Edmund Garrett's, the brilliant journalist of the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," and "The Cape Times," and Sir Sydney Waterlow's, the London printer apprentice, the successful master printer and Lord Mayor of London; but the books have this in common, that they belong to the class of "memorial" biographies, and are records of men who, whatever the value of their personalities may have been, did not play parts of the first rank in public affairs. Not many outside the circle of journalism have even heard of Edmund Garrett; and those who have most probably are those who had connexions with South Africa during the time of Kruger, Rhodes, Jameson, and the war. Sir Sydney Waterlow as Lord Mayor of London, member of Parliament, business man, and philanthropist, was in comparison a much more noted public character. And it hardly needs the addition that Garrett never attained, nor indeed was ever likely to have attained, even if his life had been longer than his short forty years, the distinction of such editors as his elder contemporaries, Lord Morley or Lord Milner. Another point of contrast journalists may also note: that while Sir Sydney Waterlow made a fortune, Garrett was only able to pass the last four years of his life comfortably with the pecuniary aid of friends. Mr. Cook has made a collection of Garrett's pieces in prose and verse, and there is a good deal of amusement in them for those familiar with the public topics of the quarter-century. Mr. Smalley's enthusiasm for Sir Sydney's character, and what he calls the romance of his career, are proof against a certain dryness of detail not unexpected in a Lord Mayor's biography; and those who have a taste for reading of "captains of industry" and the achievements of civic dignitaries will find it gratified in his story of Sir Sydney Waterlow's business and public enterprises in the City.

Sowing time will soon be here once more, and the true gardener is never happier than when he is preparing his soil with the fine rake. The feel of seeds in the hand—flower and "vegetable" seeds alike—is delightful. Against this season Messrs. Barr bring out their "Seed Guide 1910" daintily illustrated, and, as they claim, fitted for "all seasons and climates".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Janvier.

This number contains no article of striking interest, but there is one well worth reading by M. Blanc on "The Enigma of the North Pole". It contains a good deal of fascinating, but somewhat fantastic, conjecture, as well as a substratum of sound scientific facts. The writer believes that, in a more or less distant future, mankind will borrow from the polar regions, and the more than abundant ice which surrounds them, the water and the frigidity necessary to water and temper the Saharas. They will learn how to acquire at the axis of the earth provisions of energy which will bestow on habitable regions reserves of force besides which existing industrial forces are infinitely small. He also speculates on the possibility of making use of the colossal forces of the rotation of the globe, and drawing them from the Pole as the most convenient spot at which to tap them. All this has somewhat the air of a romance in the style of Jules Verne, but is none the less interesting.

For this Week's Books see page 120.



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